

THE LIVING AGE.

No. 777.—16 April, 1859.—Third Series, No. 55.

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THOMAS DICK, LL.D.

IN no age of the world's history has there been so general an ability to comprehend written language, or simply to read, as in this; and at no time has there been a louder cry for the general diffusion of good thoughts. When, however, the unlearned student lifts the book in which the history of the exact sciences are written, and questions its pages concerning the things of this earth, and the nature and motions of the spheres of heaven, etc., he finds that the book contains only a few of the words which he has acquired; that it is full of a mixed language peculiar to and understood by the initiated, but confusing to him. In such a condition of general ability to understand, and of general desire to know, and with the present abstruse forms in which the laws of nature are presented to the masses of mankind, he who translates the language of the discoverer in science into a language sufficient to reach the general understanding, and to instruct those whom the profundity and obscurity of scientific diction exclude from the higher paths of science, is almost as great a benefactor to mankind as the discoverer. He multiplies and magnifies the original discoverer's ideas, as he simplifies them in illustration; and he renders to the many the thoughts of God which had beamed from the chambers of his glory upon the wrapt Vates, the deep-eyed prophet, and which would have lain in silent mystery but for the exegetis who came to expound what he had revealed.

We know of no man in the character of an expounder who has so high a claim upon the respect and gratitude of the Anglo-Saxon race as the venerable Christian philosopher, Dr. Dick. We do not know any man who has done so much to universalize a knowledge of the works of the great Creator, to rend from before the glorious architecture of the universe the mystic veil that had been woven by the philosophic schools, and to present to the many the boundless presence of a world full of majesty, beauty, and perfection, where the soft winds sigh that God is great and good, and from everlasting to everlasting, and where the unnumbered stars in the vault of immensity catch up and repeat the diapason of their thrilling amen. All science and all art, legitimately directed, are lines that radiate towards the great God Almighty. The sciences are the media by which we are led to

contemplate the goodness, and greatness and wisdom and power of our heavenly Father in the highest degrees allowed to us as mere intellectual beings; and the arts are the modes that we have developed of expressing our sense and admiration of the wondrous glories of God that are scattered around us. The arts and sciences are the highest attainments in the secondary condition of man; and, rightly appreciated and correctly taught, are fingers that point towards Him, the Spirit Infinite and Almighty, who in the fulness of his love came down from the throne of his glory, and redeemed us, who were lost, to our highest condition of divine adoption. It is not half a century since science and philosophy were deemed the spheres in which scepticism exclusively drove its triumphal car, and from which the Christian often shrunk with fear and dismay. The fanatics of the first French revolution impiously asserted that philosophy was the logical antithesis of religion, and reason the converse of revelation; and to this day the syllogisms of those daring mythists have some influence upon the weak and ignorant; but thanks be to God all the revelations that we have received of his attributes tend more and more to show us the harmony of the divine nature, and to confirm our faith in the most sublime of all the works of the Father. The world of external evidence groaned as the sceptics lorded over it in their pride, and made it captive to the building up of the false, while the Christian seemed afraid to approach it. When, however, the Christian philosopher had passed the doors at which he had parleyed with the enemy, and entered the arcana of nature, he found it alive and vocal with praises to the great I Am.

Dr. Dick has been peculiarly styled the Christian Philosopher, from his efforts to demonstrate the compatibility and harmony of all true philosophy with the Christian plan of redemption and the truth of the life to come, and from the success with which he has explained the philosophy of religion. The inquiries relative to these subjects are so varied and so extensive, that they have led this patient and laborious philosopher over the whole fields of physical and moral science, and have brought him ever back to the footstool of the God of his salvation. As an expounder of the physical laws of the universe, and as an interpreter of the moral language

of science, Dr. Dick has acquired a most deservedly extensive celebrity, and has won for himself a high place in the veneration of good men. The lives of celebrated men seem in all their early circumstances to be modelled after one plan, and to impose upon the biographer something like a literary formula.

Thomas Dick was born on the 24th of November, 1774, in the Hilton of Dundee, where his father, Mungo Dick, a most respectable linen-manufacturer, and an exemplary and worthy member and treasurer of the Secession Church, conducted his business, and held a small property. In those early days, when Secession was denounced as schism by kirkmen, and defended with polemical vehemence as the very true form of faith by our seceding fathers, it was difficult to find either liberality or the savor of much charity amongst the brethren. Mungo Dick, however, had more benevolent views of God's grace than were general in his times, and he possessed a more than common erudition. He was well acquainted with the best authors on divinity and ecclesiastical history; he had read extensively in books of travel and geography, and felt a great interest in the political events that agitated Europe and America about the close of the eighteenth century, as well as those missionary movements which had for their object the enlightening of the heathen with the light of the gospel. By this pious father, and an equally serious and pious mother, Dr. Dick was instructed in religion and in letters, his mother having taught him to read the New Testament before he entered any school.

The principles that have maintained the supreme ascendancy over all the speculations and labors of this eminent astronomer, were grounded in his nature by those best of teachers, consistent parents, and in that best of all the schools of religion, a truly Christian home; but the tendency which in his early youth he exhibited towards astronomical studies, seems to have been fortuitously developed.

On the 18th of August, 1763, Thomas Dick, then only a boy about nine years of age, was in his father's garden about nine o'clock in the evening with a maidservant who was folding linen, when, looking towards the north, she suddenly exclaimed, "You have never seen lightning before; see, there's lightning." The whole body of the celebrated meteor, which caused so much wonder and alarm at that

period, and which had until this moment been obscured by a cloud, now burst upon the view; and so sudden and powerful was the terror which the extraordinary phenomenon inspired, that both Thomas and the girl fell prostrate to the ground, imagining that the last day had arrived, and that the earth was to be consumed by fire. This circumstance made a powerful impression upon the mind of the future astronomer, and led him eagerly to inquire for those books that might reveal to him some of the mysteries of astronomy and meteorology.

A severe attack of small-pox, succeeded by measles, rendered the constitution of Dr. Dick very feeble; and his father's intention of making him a linen-manufacturer, precluded the idea of his receiving a more than ordinary education; yet, despite of the fragility of his health, the mechanical nature of his employments, and the defectiveness of his early education, he adventured, at the age of thirteen years, upon the study of one of the most sublime and abstruse of the physical sciences. By dint of much carefulness, and after several disappointments, he saved as much money as purchased Martin's "Gentleman and Ladies' Philosophy," and with this guide he began to explore the paths of the planets, and to note the positions of the stars. He constructed a little wooden desk, which he placed with an open book upon his loom, and while his feet and hands set the treddles in motion, and drove the clattering shuttle across the loom, his eyes followed the lines of his favorite page. He also contrived a machine, and ground for himself lenses 1-2, 1-4, 1-10, and even 1-20 of an inch focus, for simple and compound microscopes; and, in order that he might construct telescopes, he purchased from the old dames in his neighborhood all their supernumerary spectacle-glasses, and, fixing these in pasteboard tubes, began to make observations upon the heavenly bodies. Unable to determine the position of Saturn, which he was anxious to behold, and having no earlier cosmography than an old one of date 1701, which he had purchased, Thomas Dick calculated all the revolutions that the planet had made from that period, and determined its locality. Springing from bed one morning before sunrise, all anxiety and hope; he directed his pasteboard telescope with its magnifying power of thirty towards the point in the heavens which he had fixed,

and applied his eye to it. There, sure enough, shone Saturn in all his glory, and round him beamed the luminous belt. The young astronomer was in raptures; and in order to drink deeper draughts of joy by the aid of his machine, he turned it towards the stars, when lo! luminous belts on belts encircled the ethereal hosts. The disappointment and chagrin of the young star-gazer may be imagined, when he discovered those zones to be illusions produced by his telescope.

While Thomas Dick progressed in his knowledge of mathematics and astronomy, he assuredly did not advance in excellence as a weaver; and he was not allowed to neglect his ostensible duties without parental criticism and reprehension. As he labored to construct his telescopes, his mother would exclaim, "O Tam, Tam! ye remind me o' the folk o' whilk the prophet speaks, 'who weary themselves in the fire for very vanity;'" while his father would shake his head and say, "I ken nae what t' dae wi' that laddie Tam, for he seems t' care for naething but books and glasses. I saw him the ither day lying on the green trying to turn the steeple o' St. Andrew's Kirk upside down wi' his telescopes." The good man had sense enough, however, not to fight with the bent of the boy's mind, and at sixteen years of age Thomas Dick became assistant teacher in a school, and began the study of Latin, with the view of entering the university. In this situation he was allowed by his father to indulge, as far as he was able his passion for books, and amongst others he acquired the third edition of the "Encyclopædia Britannica"—an expensive and rare purchase for one so young, and in his position.

In 1794 he became a student in the university of Edinburgh, and in the spring of 1795 was nominated teacher to the Orphan's Hospital, Edinburgh. He continued two years in this situation, and then resigned it, in order to pursue his academical studies. About this period the mind of Dr. Dick began to be impressed with serious religious views, and the study of the Scriptures, and works upon divinity and theological criticism, engrossed much of his thought and attention.

In the November of 1797 he was invited to teach the school of Dubbieside, near Leven, in Fife. From Dubbieside he removed to a school at the Path of Condie, in Perthshire, where he began to write and publish essays

upon those particular subjects which had engrossed his most particular attention during all the leisure hours that he could find from his regular studies. In November, 1800, he was again invited to resume his situation in the Orphans' Hospital; and in 1801, having gone through the regular curriculum of a student of divinity for the Secession Church, he obtained his license and began to preach. For several years he officiated in the capacity of preacher in different parts of Scotland; but on being warmly invited, by the Rev. J. Jamieson and his session, to superintend a school connected with the Secession Church at Methven, he accepted the call. In this provincial situation Dr. Dick instituted classes for the teaching of the sciences to the people. He formed a library, now numbering about two thousand volumes, and established what may be termed the model Mechanics Institute of Great Britain. Indeed, Dr. Dick proposed, in the *London Monthly Magazine*, the foundation of those institutions, six years before any one was established in this country. After ten years of gratifying labor in Methven, he removed to Perth to an educational establishment there; and during ten other years, taught, studied, and wrote, finally building his little cottage on the high grounds of Broughty Ferry, near Dundee, and retiring in 1827 to his prophet-chamber there, to hold communion with the stars. The little plot of ground around his lofty dwelling was a barren, irregular spot, where nothing would grow, until eight thousand wheelbarrow loads of soil had been laid upon its surface by the indefatigable savant himself. The situation of the doctor's house was isolated and elevated, and his motives for building it there produced a great deal of wonder and speculation amongst the country people around. Finally, however, it was agreed amongst them that he wished to be "near the stars." The first work published at Broughty Ferry was the "Philosophy of a Future State," which appeared in 1828, and has reached to its fifth edition. Previously, however, the "Christian Philosopher" had appeared, and ten editions, at least, of that work have been issued. On the top of the doctor's house, a room with openings to the four cardinal points, was fitted up as an observatory, and in this was placed his numerous and valuable assortment of philosophical instruments; and here did he make those nu-

merous observations that are described in his voluminous writings.

In 1837 Dr. Dick visited London, where he published his "Celestial Scenery," about the same period visiting Boulogne, Paris, Versailles, and other celebrated French cities. In Paris he had an opportunity of inspecting the observatories and colleges; and at Cambridge he was accorded the same privilege. Dr. Dick, although almost totally a man of science, has often exercised his functions as a preacher of the gospel, and he has never allowed sectarianism to prevent him from doing so to any denomination of evangelical Christians that might invite him. His labors, however, have been more scientific than religious—more illustrative of the goodness and greatness of God in the economy of nature than in the economy of salvation—but at the same time all tending to demonstrate the harmony of a plan of immortality and redemption with the attributes of God which are displayed in his physical works.

The degree of LL.D. was voluntarily and unanimously conferred on Dr. Dick by the *senatus academicus* of Union College, Schenectady, state of New York, and the diploma was sent to this country without expense, through the medium of the Rev. Dr. Sprague of Albany.

In 1849, a severe illness reduced the venerable doctor to the verge of the grave,* but by the goodness of God's providence he has recovered and still remains upon the earth to hear the echoes of the grateful praises that come back to him from hearts that he has elevated, and intellects that he has conduced to sanctify. Tens of thousands of volumes of this venerable philosopher's prelections have been distributed amongst the people, opening up to them the minute beauties of the microscopic world, and raising them up to contemplate the majesty of the starry firmament. He has traced the history and character of all the varied tribes of men in the world, in order to show the inherent wickedness of man in nature, and the necessity for that moral, as well as spiritual regeneration, which are produced by an acceptance of the gospel. He has deduced from the flower-pollen groves, in which the animalcules sport their ephemeral lives, arguments in favor of that harmony and love which impelled Jehovah to develop the whole scheme of the Christian religion. From

* This memoir was written during his lifetime.

the most minute articulations in the great world of creation, he has ascended logically to the most sublime altitudes of Jehovah's character, tracing at every step an incomprehensible but visible intelligence, and elevating the views of God, and deepening the admiration of the pious believer. The labors of Dr. Dick have been principally exegetical, but he has not the less on that account been an original observer. Many of the observations in his astronomical works were original, and all were verified by actual personal survey. Eleven goodly-sized works, besides numerous essays and pamphlets, have proceeded from the prolific pen of this venerable man; and they have conduced more to benefit society than to enrich their author. Yet Dr. Dick although called upon to exercise the virtue of self-sacrifice in his declining years to an extent seldom demanded of the benevolent and kind, and although he must be conscious that he has deserved from society the provision of ease and comfort in his old age, has never complained of the niggardliness of fortune, nor of the hardness of his fate. He has shrunk, with all the delicacy of an exalted and refined mind, from any expression that might imply dissatisfaction with the estate Providence has assigned to him, and has seen with pain, yet not without gratitude, the efforts made by those whom he had morally and intellectually benefited to ameliorate his temporal condition. The worldly position of Dr. Dick, according to the conversation of the world has been an humble one. His whole life has been spent in instructing mankind with his tongue and pen, and consequently the reward of senates or the applause of courts has not been his. The teacher pines while the warrior triumphs. Truly, however—and this truth is strengthened, if possible, by association—the position of men like Sir David Brewster and Dr. Dick transcends all other worldly conditions. Poor teachers were Plato and Homer of old, and now the brightness of their names endures, while the names of Achilles and Hector are remembered only as the children of the poet's fancy. The honor and glory of the warrior are not such as will pass with him beyond the bourne of life; they are compatible with none of the moral attributes of the Deity; but he who has been devotedly, in all humbleness of heart, a blessing to mankind, will have the reward of the blessed in the fulness of God's

presence. He who labors much for the weal of man, passes necessarily the greater amount of his days in personal obscurity. He has no time to indulge in the ostensible triumphs which are accorded to the worldly and the proud. He enjoys, however, the communion of those who can appreciate his labors; and this communion with the most gifted men in Europe and America has been enjoyed by the venerable philosopher Dr. Dick, who, in his little rock-based cottage, has scanned the starry firmament and the mysteries of the microcosm, and has revealed to an admiring people the beauty of the ways of God.

[We append the article on Dr. Dick contained in Allibone's Dictionary of Authors, not only on account of the information it gives, but as a specimen of that excellent work.]

DICK, REV. THOMAS, LL.D., 1774-1857, b. near Dundee, Scotland, nobly earned the dignified title attached to one of his excellent volumes,—*The Christian Philosopher*. He was educated at the University of Edinburgh, and, after completing his studies, entered the ministry of the Secession Church. Much of his time was devoted to teaching, for which elevated and philanthropic calling few men have been better fitted. An interesting notice of this venerated benefactor of his race will be found in Professor C. D. Cleveland's (a personal and attached friend of Dr. Dick) *English Literature of the 19th Century*, in which work we find the following list of Dr. Dick's publications:—

1. *The Christian Philosopher, or the Connection of Science with Religion*, 1823.
 2. *The Philosophy of Religion, or an Illustration of the Moral Laws of the Universe*, 1825.
 3. *The Philosophy of a Future State*, 1828.
 4. *The Improvement of Society by the Diffusion of Knowledge*.
 5. *On the Mental Illumination and Moral Improvement of Mankind*, 1835.
 6. *Christian Beneficence contrasted with Covetousness*, 1836.
 7. *Celestial Scenery*, 1838.
 8. *The Sidereal Heavens*, 1840.
 9. *The Practical Astronomer*, 1845.
 10. *The Solar System*, 1846.
 11. *The Atmosphere and Atmospheric Phenomena*, 1848.
 12. *The Telescope and Microscope*, 1851.
- Several of these works have been trans. into other languages, and the Solar System into the Chinese. Dr. Dick has also contributed largely to the periodicals of the day. Messrs. E. C. & J. Biddle of Philadelphia pub. in 1850 a uniform edition of Dr.

Dick's works in 10 vols. 12mo. Messrs. Applegate & Co. of Cincinnati also publish a fine edition, complete in 2 vols. 8vo. We have before us commendatory notices of Dr. Dick's volumes from no less than twenty-three British periodicals. From these we extract the following:—

Notice of the *Philosophy of Religion*:—

"In discussing these interesting and important topics, Dr. Dick assumes the truth of Divine Revelation, and taking nature and revelation as the stand, endeavors to show the philosophy—in other words, the reasonableness—of what has been done, so as to justify the ways of God to man. The design of such a work is lofty and benignant, and Dr. Dick has brought to his great argument a vast amount of illustration and proof, presented in a style condensed and perspicuous, and imbued with the feeling appropriate to such a theme. We commend it earnestly to the general reader, and not less so to the Christian preacher. Such modes of dealing with the foundation of things need to be more common in our pulpits."—*British Quarterly Review*.

Notices of *Celestial Scenery*:—

"This familiar explanation of the most interesting phenomena is well calculated to unfold the wonders of astronomy to those who are unacquainted with the mysteries of that science; while those who have learned its principles will derive pleasure from the speculations on the different aspects of our system, as viewed from the sun and the several planets."—*Lon. Athenaeum*.

"An admirable book to put into the hands of youth and general readers."—*Lon. Literary Gazette*.

"This is an admirable book, not more valuable for the excellence of its intention, than for the taste, right feeling, and manly simplicity of its execution. It is one of the most beautiful and readable books we ever had in our hands."—*Glasgow Chronicle*.

"Dr. Dick is not a mere collector of the opinions of others; but one who has thought and investigated for himself."—*Lon. Evangelical Magazine*.

Notices of the *Sidereal Heavens*:—

"A very interesting compilation, made by a practical man, and one which we can have no fear of recommending as a fit sequel to the *Celestial Scenery* of the same author."—*Church of England Quarterly Review*.

"The grandeur of our author's conceptions, the beauty of his style, the rationality of his conclusions, equally charm the mind. We most unhesitatingly recommend our readers to treat themselves with the gratification of

perusing this sublime book. Our author is a Christian philosopher."—*Lon. Herald of Peace*.

"A popular work on astronomy, in which the author addresses himself to general students rather than to scientific readers: and he further improves his design by turning the thoughts of all towards the omnipotent Deity, whose works he describes as far as they are cognizable by human faculties."—*Lon. Literary Gazette*.

"No one can peruse this volume without being inspired with profound admiration and awe, and filled with emotions of deep humility and reverence. The work is characterized by profound and elaborate research, suited to the high and imposing theme, and is pervaded by a reverential spirit towards the mighty Architect. We unhesitatingly commend the work to the perusal of every class."—*Scottish Pilot*.

"We have seldom met with a more readable or instructive work. He who has fairly mastered its contents will find himself a sort of living encyclopedia of astronomical facts. It is pervaded, from beginning to end, by a feeling of the deepest piety towards that Being whose celestial architecture it is the author's object to bring before the wondering and adoring mind of the reader."—*Grant's Journal*.

Notices of Christian Beneficence contrasted with Covetousness:

It is said, we believe, in Southey's "History of Methodism," that Whitefield's preaching did not produce such extravagance in his hearers as Wesley's; yet the former states that a complaint was made to the Bishop of Gloucester that he drove fifteen people mad by his first sermon. On the whole we think Southey's remark to be correct (though, as an orator, Whitefield was undeniably superior to Wesley), and this may probably be accounted for by the fact that Whitefield's Calvinism was a more contemplative metaphysical doctrine than the semi-Arminianism of Wesley. The latter, too, far more often enlarged upon the future tortures of the wicked than upon the happiness of the blessed, and the fearful menaces which he heaped together from scattered texts of Scripture might well have strange effects upon weak bodies and weaker minds when urged with such marvellous force and effects as Wesley had at his command. Yet we question if any event in Wesley's life equalled the awfulness of the following occurrence mentioned in the Coronet and the Cross, on memorial of the Right Hon. Selina Countess of Huntingdon.

On one of these occasions, Whitefield mounted the scaffold to address a very large assembly. He silently prayed for a few minutes; then

"A treatise of singular merit and interest, which cannot be read without largely instructing the understanding, and deeply impressing and affecting the heart."—*New Connexion Magazine*.

"It is, indeed, a truly excellent treatise. In every part it comes forcibly home to the judgment and conscience of the reader. . . . The style of Dr. Dick is correct, dignified, and impressive. The merit of the work lies in its eminent adaptation for usefulness. It is a manly, judicious, and scriptural statement of the reasons and grounds of liberality of conduct."—*General Baptist Repository*.

"We hope that what has not already been effected by sober argument and solemn appeals, will result in this case from what may be regarded as a volume of practical evidence, in which the working of these antagonistic principles is fairly set forth."—*Lon. Eccl. Rev.* See also *Chris. Month. Spec.*, ix. 149, (by Denison Olmstead.)

[The readers of the *Living Age* will remember the interest excited both in England and America, by the statement that this useful man was in his old age without means of support. Subscriptions were started to remove this stain from the Christian world, and we had the honor of conveying the offerings of our readers upon several occasions. This was only stopped by a public acknowledgment from Dr. Dick, accompanied by a statement that he had received enough.]

glanced at the people, and fervently implored the Divine blessing to rest upon them. With deep solemnity he announced the text, "It is appointed unto men once to die, but after this the judgment." After a short pause he was about to proceed, when a wild, terrifying shriek issued from the centre of the congregation. Alarm seized the assembled multitude; Whitefield stopped; and Mr. Grimshaw hastened to the spot. He soon after pressed through the crowd to the scaffold, and cried out with a voice rendered peculiarly impressive by the intensity of his feelings, "Brother Whitefield! you stand amongst the dead and the dying—an immortal soul has been called into eternity—the destroying angel is passing over the congregation. Cry aloud and spare not!" The awful occurrence was made known to the people, and after a few moments' silence, Whitefield once more announced his text. Again a loud, piercing cry proceeded from the spot where Lady Huntingdon and Lady Margaret Ingham were standing. A thrill of horror ran through the assembly when it was announced that a second person had fallen a victim to the king of terrors. It was some time before the consternation had sufficiently subsided to enable Whitefield to proceed with his sermon.

CHAPTER IV.—HAINAULT FOREST.

HAINAULT FOREST! What a delightfully romantic name! What ideas it conjures up of grassy glades amid old, old trees frequented by owls and squirrels, with violets and primroses growing at their roots, and hares and rabbits slipping here and there through the fern, and groups of startled deer rushing across and out of sight, and wood-pigeons cooing afar off, no one can exactly say where. But where is Hainault Forest? There was a Sir John de Hainault in olden times, of whom Froissart tells pleasant stories—how that he was a handsome, brave young knight, wondrously taken in by cunning Queen Isabella, wife of our Edward the Second, to whom he swore fealty, and in whose cause he came over from Flanders with ever so many gallant soldiers to fight in her defence.

Well, but that brave young Sir John de Hainault had nothing to do, maybe, with our Hainault Forest. The province of Hainault is in the Netherlands; but Hainault Forest is close on the skirts of smoky London.

"It is difficult to believe," said John, "that in former time the whole county of Essex was one immense forest; yet such, Mr. Bolter tells me, was really the case. In the reign of Charles the First, when its boundaries were greatly diminished, its extent was estimated at sixty thousand acres, forty-eight thousand of which have been since inclosed, leaving twelve thousand acres of waste and woodland.

"You know, Ellen, we were lately reading an account of the famous Fairlop oak, and how its branches formerly overspread a circuit of three hundred feet. A fair used to be held in its honor, and under its shade, on the 22d of July, when the days are long and the weather is generally pleasant enough. Many a loving couple has doubtless strayed among the green glades and alleys thereabouts at such times, and many a sociable party has been grouped round a cold pigeon-pie in the shade, and many a girl has munched gingerbread and many a boy blown his penny whistle under that old oak. Had this been all, it would have been harmless enough; but unhappily drinking and gaming became the two prominent features of this fair, as they do of most. On Fairlop Sunday, 1839, seventy-two gambling-tables and a hundred and seven drinking-booths were counted round about the spot where the old oak once flourished—for it has long since been cut down, and the

pulpit of St. Pancras church was constructed of the timber. Earlier in the year, when the trees are clothed in green, a better place for a gypsying party than Epping Forest can hardly be imagined; and one does not wonder that numbers of vans with their looped-up curtains and gay streamers, filled with joyous men, women, and children, not forgetting well-packed baskets of provisions, should briskly trot along the road to the sound of flute, horn, and fiddle, amid shouts and shrill huzzas. On arriving at the forest they drive up to some well-known public-house, alight, form into small parties, and straggle off, some one way, some another, as the fancy takes them; some leaping over bushes, some slinging at boles of trees, some chasing squirrels, some sitting in the shade, or straying along in harmonious chat, till summoned to dine on the grass."

"Pleasant enough, too," said Ellen.

"Pleasant enough, only not so innocent on a Sunday as on a week-day," interposed Mr. Bolter.

"Still, when you consider," said John, "how many poor fellows at that side of London are shut up at their looms from morning to night in close lodgings, you cannot much wonder at their wishing to inflate their lungs with a little fresh air one day in seven—as I could not help thinking this morning while the lark sang over our heads and the thrush and blackbird from the bushes. Every minute my step grew more elastic, I drew up my head, threw forward my chest, and felt twice the man I was at starting! After walking a considerable way, the road was becoming rather lonely, when suddenly a wild-looking gypsy-man sprang out upon us from behind a bush."

"Dear me!" exclaimed Ellen.

"He had a small tattered piece of printed paper in his hand; and, holding it close to Mr. Bolter's face, pointed with his finger to a row of large letters, and said, eagerly, 'What are those?'

"'Selling off,' said Mr. Bolter.

"'Thank you, thank you,' said he, gratefully; 'perhaps you will read me the whole line.'

"'Selling off under prime cost.'

"'Thank you, thank you!' and away he was darting, when Mr. Bolter said, 'May I ask, my good friend, for what purpose you inquired?'

"Certainly," said he, looking rather surprised at the kind tone and expression. "I am trying to learn to read; and, having neither book nor teacher, I sometimes stand beside a finger-post till some one goes by, and then ask them the name of the letters composing one or two short words.* You cannot think how pleased I was to find I could read 'To London.'"

"You must be a spirited, persevering fellow," cried Mr. Bolter to encounter so many difficulties with so few encouragements. "How is it you can get neither book nor teacher?"

"Ah," said he, with a half-melancholy smile, "I am one of a despised race. Who would teach the poor gypsy?"

"I would!" said Mr. Bolter.

"Would you?" cried he, joyfully. "Then give me a lesson at once."

"I am pressed for time now," said Mr. Bolter, "for I want to reach a given place by a certain time; but come, walk along with us a little way, and we can talk as we go."

"The gypsy cheerfully complied.

"Is there any particular book you want to read," continued Mr. Bolter, "that makes you so desirous to learn?"

"Certainly there is," replied the gypsy.

"What is it?"

"Why—it escapes me at this moment, but yet I am told it contains a good deal about my ancestors. It is called—hum!—I shall forget my own name next!"

"What is your name?"

"Pharaoh."

"I confess I started.

"Pharaoh Smith," continued the gypsy. (What a come-down!) "I am descended from King Pharaoh."

"There are many kings called Pharaoh, my good friend."

"Well, I'm descended from one of them—perhaps from all. That makes me so anxious to read the book, because I think I may find in it something to my advantage."

"That you are pretty sure to do if the book be what I think—the Bible!"

"That's the very name!" cried Pharaoh, with delight. "Oh, do teach me to read it! I'll shoe your horse, if you have one, for nothing."

"Without shoeing my horse (which I have not), you shall learn of me to read if we can but fix on time and place suitable for us both;

* Authentic.

but, if I give you a reading-lesson at all to-day, it must be a very short one. Come with us, however, where we are going—to a certain spot in the forest where I shall hold a meeting for all who like to come and read some of the very book you want to read so much yourself. Will you?"

"Thankfully!" replied the gypsy; and, as we walked onward, Mr. Bolter began to teach him the names of the letters of the alphabet by rote, in their regular order. Presently we came up to a small river or brook, beside which a man and boy were fishing. "I must speak to this couple," said Mr. Bolter, quietly. "Go you forward together, and continue the alphabet," and I will join you in a few minutes." We did so, and, therefore, of course I cannot tell you what passed."

"But I can," interposed Mr. Bolter, who for some time had felt inclined to chime in. "I offered the man a tract, and observed, I was sorry to see him fishing on a Sunday. He replied, he was confined to a close workshop all the week, and thought there could be no harm in getting a little fresh air on that day. I observed, there was no harm in fresh air, but a great deal of good, and the same might be said of fishing with limitations. Some of Jesus Christ's disciples were fishermen, but they did not pursue their calling on the Sabbath. He replied, he did not believe in Jesus Christ. 'Ah,' said I, 'we none of us can believe that of which we know nothing; and perhaps you know little enough of Him.' 'I have read the New Testament,' replied he, carelessly. 'And remember that passage, doubtless,' said I, 'where he called his disciples away from their fishing, saying, he would make them fishers of men. And yet, in the lawful pursuit of their calling, he twice vouchsafed them a miraculous draught, inasmuch that their net brake.'

"Oh, yes, I know all about that," said he, with some impatience.

"Know, and yet do not believe," said I. "How comes that?"

"He was silent.

"Come," said I, putting my Testament into his hand, open at the first chapter of St. John's Gospel, "tell me how do you understand that?"

"He looked annoyed, but took it in his hand, and soon returned it to me. 'I confess,' said he, 'I cannot understand it at all.'

"Ah, my friend," said I, "I expected to

find it so; and why? It is written, "The natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God, for they are foolishness to him, neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned." It is plain, therefore, that the reason this book is foolishness to you, is because you are as yet only what the Scriptures call a natural man, however clever, as a natural man, you may be.'

"And pray, what are *you*?' said he, with an air of pique.

"A fisher for *souls*,' replied I, quickly, 'and therefore in the lawful pursuit of my calling, even on the Sabbath, when fishing for *you*!'

"Ah! I shan't bite, though,' said he, playing with his rod.

"Many a fish thinks that before he's caught,' replied I, cheerfully. 'Come, put up your tackle and come along with me. I'll show you better sport than that.'

"Where?' said he, irresolutely.

"Where I fish for souls.'

"Well—if I do, it will only be for a bit of a lark—'

"For a lark or no lark, come along.'

"Let's go, father,' says the boy.

"Come along, then,' said he briskly collecting his things together, 'the fish won't bite *here*, at any rate, to-day, and we may as well have sport of one kind or other.'

"And I've a pleasant companion to introduce you to, a little in advance,' said I.

"Oh, well, all the better,' said he, his good-humor rapidly rising, 'I like a good companion any day of the week.'

"Much obliged for the compliment," said John, laughing. "I'm afraid it was only a bait for a silly fish. However, I won't take the word out of your mouth."

"Now, you go on."

"No, you."

"No, I'm tired—I like to hear you."

"Well, Ellen, when I saw our friend coming along with two more disciples at his heels, I began to wonder whether he would have *twelve* before our walk was ended—he was evidently at our Lord's own work. As soon as we joined forces, we all fell into easy talk about the weather, the country, the late harvest, the forest, the comparative amount of inclosed and uninclosed land, which brought us all familiarly together, and which Bolter knew how to make interesting and entertaining to all. The gypsy and little boy were the

only silent ones, but they listened attentively, and gave us a bright glance now and then, the one with his black, the other with his blue, eyes. Presently, something being said about the birds singing all about us, the gypsy found a subject on which he really had a great deal to say that was curious. Just in the midst of it all, as we were passing, almost without noticing, a straggling row of shabby houses with a public-house in the midst, and a crowd of idle fellows hanging about it till the door should open, Bolter said, 'Go forward, all of you, till I join you—or, stay, you can help me, if you will—let us give each of these people a tract—' and, before another word could be uttered, we all to our surprise found a handful of tracts stuffed into our hands, and ourselves distributing them in silence, while our chief addressed a few words to each—words so appropriate, Ellen, that I thought 'if I could speak like that, I'd become a missionary this minute!'

"It would come to you quite naturally," said Mr. Bolter. "Our Lord's standing orders are the same 'yesterday, to-day, and forever'—'Take no thought what ye shall say, neither premeditate, for it shall be given you—'"

"Well, then, it was a promise fulfilled," said John, "for it certainly was given *you*. The little boy, as we walked away, said, artlessly—

"That was a jolly lark, wasn't it, father?"

"Jolly!" replied he, hardly knowing whether to look pleased or not; but the next instant I saw the boy's hand locked in his.

"To think of my being a tract-distributor!" said he.

"Ay, 'tis you educated fellows that are hardest to win," said Bolter, cheerily: 'Just as it was with St. Paul—how he *did* hale about the poor Christians, to be sure, before he came to a better mind!'

"I could see at a glance that the assumption of his being an educated man, pleased our companion.

"Anybody can disbelieve," pursued Mr. Bolter. 'It is only the well-informed that can believe, and give a *reason* for the hope that is in them.'

"That never struck me," observed the other.

"Here now," pursued Mr. Bolter, 'is an ignorant poor fellow, who would willingly believe if he could, but does not know how—he

does not know how to read, and therefore of course cannot read the Bible, though it is the book he wishes to master above all others, because he expects to find in it something about his own particular friends and relations.'

"Our companion looked askance, first at Bolton and then at the gypsy, as much as to say, 'what *can* you mean?' and I confess I thought he was on dangerous ground, especially with the gypsy, but a glance at him reassured me.

" 'This good man,' pursued Bolter, 'is of Egyptian descent, nay, he has been led to suppose, even of royal extraction. Now, I need not tell a man of your reading that there is a great deal about Egypt and the Egyptians in the Bible. It gives us the very earliest notices of them that we have,—it tells us of the nature of the country—flat, scorchingly hot, destitute of rain, and liable to be parched and absolutely uninhabitable, were it not watered by a most wonderful river, the Nile or *Nahal*, which signifies *black*—"

" 'Just so!' ejaculated Pharaoh, drawing closer to him.

" 'You see—' said Mr. Bolter to the other, with a significant look. 'He corroborates the truth of the Bible, though he can't read a word of it.'

" 'Go on, sir, please!' cried Pharaoh, 'go on about my country!'

" 'This wonderful river,' continued Mr. Bolter, 'overflows its banks at stated seasons, and waters the ground so thoroughly that the Egyptians, who in early times seem to have had more wisdom, as regards this world, than any other people upon earth, knew how to turn this superfluity of water to the best account, by digging innumerable little channels through their fields, which received the overflow and supplied the want of other moisture. Hence a country naturally sandy, became clad in herbage of the most vivid green, and abundantly brought forth juicy, luscious fruits and vegetables, cucumbers, gourds, melons that melted in the mouth, and were called *abdelerin*, or "slave of sweetness." But mark what befel; the Egyptians, not content with being grateful for their noble river, began to be grateful to it, and at length to worship it as a god! Just as if we were to worship the river Thames!'

"In this way he went on, and you may imagine, Ellen, our interest in hearing him. We were interrupted by coming up with a man with a gun, going out to shoot small birds. Of course Mr. Bolter had a parley with him, and *he*, too, was persuaded to join him. I cannot tell you how time passed, nor what distance we went, we 'took no note of time,' but presently we saw people coming out of a neat church—we stopped and counted how many, only nineteen! And there had been twenty waiting at the public-house. 'I wonder, sir,' said our friend with the fishing-rod, 'that *you* were not in church this morning.'

" 'My dear man,' cried Mr. Bolter affectionately, 'I should have liked it of all things, but I would gladly be away from it one Sunday, ay, twenty Sundays, to save *you*!'

'Ellen! the man was overcome! he was on the very brink of bursting into tears, but did not, which I was glad of, especially before his little boy, because it would have humbled him too much. He wrung Mr. Bolter's hand. 'O sir,' says he, 'O sir! You've subdued me! You've nearly unmanned me! What a man you must be! Sure nobody can withstand you.' Mr. Bolter responded warmly, and then resumed a more equable tone, though all of us were more or less affected. At length we reached the spot, an open space near a country public-house, where crowds of pleasure-seekers were assembled. Mr. Bolter then briefly told us his plans, and arranged with us to keep near him and form a nucleus, as it were, for a congregation, while he commenced an open-air service. He intended to hold three or four in the course of the day, but settled to meet Pharaoh beneath a certain old oak at a certain time before dark, to give him a reading-lesson. He did not keep his appointment, however, for the service was prolonged rather more than he was aware of, and at its conclusion, a portly man-servant in rich but plain livery, came to him with a message, and detained him so long, that when we reached the oak, it was nearly dark, and Pharaoh was not there."

"What a pity!" said Ellen.

There was yet much to tell and talk over; and the evening concluded, like the previous one, with fervent family prayer.

CHAPTER V.—COUNTRY QUARTERS.

As Ellen proceeded to Mrs. Meeke's the next morning, she thought of Margaret; and, remembering that Mrs. Meeke contemplated the purchase of a new carpet, she considered whether she might with propriety induce her to let Margaret make it, after stating what she knew of her story. All this was driven completely out of her head, however, by the news that awaited her at "the Square." Mrs. Meeke came to her with a face of woe, to tell her that the two youngest of her children, who had seemed so poorly on Saturday, now proved to have the scarlet fever—a disease she particularly dreaded, having lost a fine little girl by it already. It was, therefore, her great object to remove the three others immediately from the danger of infection; and as Mr. Meeke's elder brother, a much richer man than himself, was at present on the Continent, and had left his country house at their disposal for the next month, she wished to send them thither immediately. Unfortunately she had no one to whom to entrust them—her own sisters were in Scotland. Would Miss Miller undertake the charge?

Ellen said she would most gladly do so, but for her brother and the shop; however, she would hasten back and consult him. Betsy Brick would perhaps attend to the shop in his absence, and Mrs. Fuller, her aunt, would see that he wanted for nothing.

Mrs. Meeke begged her to make all the haste she could, as the fly was already sent for: the distance to Tranquil Vale was but thirty miles, and though they could go quicker by rail, a fly would be safer, and time was no object. The old woman who was left in charge at Tranquil Vale had been desired to expect them at any time, therefore they would not take her by surprise.

Tranquil Vale! there was a charm in the very sound. Ellen had always heard much of the beauty of Kent in general, and of Tranquil Vale in particular; therefore, as she hurried off to John, she thought less of being about to do a very kind thing than a very pleasant one.

John, who was always very grateful to Mrs. Meeke for her kindness to his sister, was sincerely glad Ellen could show her any kindness in return. He hoped she would enjoy herself very much; there was a full fortnight of October yet, and he expected she would live on the fat of the land, and ramble about

the country with the children from morning till dusk, and write him the nicest of letters, and come home as fresh as a rose. As for Mr. Bolter and himself—oh, they should have jolly bachelor doings in her absence, he promised her!

Ellen, well satisfied with his concurrence, next sought out her neighbor, Mrs. Fuller. Quiet Mr. Fuller was, as usual, peering over his watchmending in the little shop; he looked up, nodded, smiled, and told her she would find his "good lady" within. Now Mrs. Fuller, though a stirring woman, was likewise a kind one, very partial to Ellen, and capable, as she often said, of doing twice the work of her own little house. Therefore, when this opportunity offered of doing the work of two little houses, she did not feign reluctance, but closed with the offer at once; and when Ellen expressed regret at giving so much trouble, she said, heartily, "My dear Miss Miller, don't name it; nothing is a trouble that we can do for you! I will attend to your brother and your lodger as carefully as you could do yourself; and, in their absence, Betsy shall look after the shop."

So, what could Ellen do but express her grateful thanks, and leave her love for Betsy, who was out, and then hasten to pack up her things for the country? To one who so seldom left home, it was a pity that so much pleasure must be packed and squeezed, like her clothes, into so small a space. Had she known of it a month beforehand, the very anticipation would have delighted her all the month. However, it is no good, when we have one apple-pie given us, to regret that it is not two: the thing was very delightful as it was; there was no drawback but the illness of the two children, and she hoped and had very little doubt they would do well.

Having finished her packing, therefore, and found a man to carry her box, she hastened back to Adelaide Square, where the fly was already being loaded at Mrs. Meeke's door, and the children in the hall, ready to get in. Mrs. Meeke was very glad to see her, put some money in her hand, hasty farewells took place, and away they went. With three very lively little girls for her companions, and an entirely new road to travel, it was no wonder that Ellen did not think of Margaret.

The tall poles still stood in the hop-fields though the hop-picking was over. Every

fresh turn of the road brought something beautiful, picturesque, or interesting in sight; country inns, country villages, country churches, country-seats, country lanes, country commons and heaths, sprinkled with geese and goslings, donkeys, rough ponies, cattle, and now and then a gypsy-tent, called forth continual emotions of pleasure in Ellen, who endeavored to convey the same impressions to her young companions. Ellen's mother had been the daughter of an artist, who had imparted some taste for the beautiful in nature and art to his children; hence her eye was not wholly unaccustomed to look out for happy effects and good groupings; and if this often gave a passing interest in the ordinary, unpoetical things around her, how rapturous was it to look around where nothing met the eye but sights of bliss and beauty! The children were in high spirits, and willing enough to be amused at any thing or nothing, but by far the greatest treats of the day to them were the cold dinner eaten in the fly and their passing through a country fair with plenty of gay booths and gingerbread-stalls.

The sun was gloriously setting when they turned off into a by-road with steep banks and high hedges, which brought them, first to a turnpike, then to a straggling little village and village church; then to a sudden break in the hedge and bank, which disclosed, at about two hundred paces from the road, overlooking a smooth-shaven lawn, an antique little Elizabethan mansion with

"Three ancient peaks, that nodded o'er
An ancient porch, which nodded more."

"Tranquil Vale!" shouted the children: and truly it deserved its name. The lawn was only edged by a stone coping, and divided from the road by a sunk fence, which any one with a run and a leap might easily have cleared. Two or three white and red cows were chewing the cud in the shade, a peacock stood on the parapet, and a wreath of thin blue smoke was rising from one of the old spiral chimney-stacks against the dark background of a rookery.

Ellen thought the place looked a perfect Paradise. The driver got down to open a swing-gate, and then drove up to the house. A large dog began to bark, and an old woman, the neatest of the neat, came to the door, shading her eyes from the setting sunlight, which glittered in every diamond-shaped window-pane. She came out smiling and courtesying.

"All's ready, miss," said she; "bless the little dears! Master told me to expect them at any time. The beds are aired, and I've plenty of bread and butter in the house, for I've always been looking out for a charrot-full o' children!"

It was very pleasant to be so heartily welcomed. Ellen paid the man, after seeing the luggage taken out; and then entered the house all smiles. The children were already scampering round the quaint flower-beds, gay as a patchwork counterpane, with the great Newfoundland dog, Neptune.

The colored glass in the hall-windows made the hall rather dark. It was of stone, with a Turkey carpet in the middle. There were old oak chairs, an old oaken table, a barometer, a curious clock, and a large dark mahogany chest or coffer, bright as glass, and lined with faded green baize, that would have held all Mrs. Meeke's children, and left room to spare. It reminded Ellen of the old story of the bride who played at hide and seek on her wedding-day, and shut herself up in an old oak chest, which she was unable to open again, because she did not know the secret of the spring lock.

"I were lonesome, biding here all day by myself," said Mrs. Quain, "though I had Kitty to sleep with me! so I'm glad you're come."

Kitty was a girl of fourteen, with cheeks as round, hard, and glazy as apples, and eyes as black as sloes.

Mrs. Quain showed Ellen into the drawing-room, which had a tall, wide lattice-window at each end, and looked very snug, though there were no lady's nick-nacks to be seen, nor yet a piano—old Mr. Meeke being a bachelor. The dining-room was oak-panelled, low, dark, and snug also. The staircase had two or three landings and very shallow oaken stairs, carpetted with red drugget. The bed-rooms were small, but pretty, with chintz furniture lined with green, blue, and yellow. Mrs. Quain shook out her master's warm dressing-gown, folded it up, and put it away.

"That gave me a precious fright one night," said she to Ellen. "I'd hung it out to air (for we're bothered with moths), and, coming up at dusk to turn down the bed, took it for a man! It gave me quite a turn; for we've had some very bad robberies in these parts."

"I think the less you say of them in the children's hearing the better," said Ellen.

Mrs. Quain gave a knowing look, as much as to say "Trust me for that," and hurried off to bring up more packages. When that was done she left Ellen to unpack, and went off to get tea and boil a liberal supply of eggs. As neither hunger nor the means of appeasing it were wanting, the meal was a very hearty one, seasoned with abundance of harmless mirth; and the children being very tired were glad to go early to bed.

Ellen lingered on the same floor till they were fast asleep, and then went down stairs to look about her, examine the books, enjoy a good lounge in an easy chair, and feel a luxurious sense of novelty tinged by the slightest touch of awe. This apprehensiveness was not diminished when Mrs. Quain brought in her supper, and lingered to tell her all the horrible stories she had conscientiously bottled up before the children.

"You will frighten me so," said Ellen at last, "that I shall not be able to sleep a wink."

So then Mrs. Quain begged pardon, and said she had not thought of that, and she hoped nothing of the kind might happen now, for that she looked very carefully after all the fastenings.

Ellen hoped she did; and began to feel that even a paradise may be spoiled to us if we live in apprehension of thieves.

She went to bed, timid as a hare, and thought she should not sleep; however, fatigue brought its own remedy, and she did not even dream. When the bright morning sun streamed into her room she laughed at her midnight terrors, and rose, fresh and cheerful, while the children in the adjoining room were waging a mock fight with their pillows.

These active young spirits kept Ellen pretty much on the *qui vive* from six in the morning to eight in the evening; so that it was quite a refreshment to her to leave them asleep and quietly return to the parlor, to dip into some old book, or indulge in reverie. Though her days were fatiguing, however, they were highly enjoyable. She was of a sociable turn, and fond of the companionship of children; and she took them long, scrambling walks, and helped them to hunt for blackberries, nuts, and wild flowers. They soon found out she was a capital story-teller; and they would cluster round her, begging her to tell of Whittington, or Prince Arthur, or Goody

Two-shoes, or the aforementioned spring-locks, till they scampered off to chase a rabbit or squirrel.

Two books were especially amusing to Ellen during her solitary evenings—Defoe's "History of the Plague," and the "Life of Thomas Ellwood the Quaker." They were thin folio volumes, printed in large type, with a plentiful sprinkling of capital letters, which pleased her eye, and often, she thought, gave force to the meaning. She was deeply impressed by the account of the way in which the plague at first broke out in London, and at length desolated the city; and she delighted in the adventures of the three poor men—the soldier, the sailor, and the joiner, who made themselves a little tent, got a small horse to carry their luggage, and resolved to live in Epping Forest till the pestilence ceased: how they "went away east, through Ratcliffe Highway, as far as Ratcliffe Cross, leaving Stepney Church still on their left hand:" how the watchman placed on Bow Bridge would have questioned them, and how they got out of his way: how they journeyed on till they got into the great north road on the top of Stamford Hill: how they then felt weary, and resolved to encamp and set by their tent for the first night; which they did, against the back of a barn, having first ascertained that the barn had no one in it, how, while two went to sleep, the third, being a military man, resolved to keep sentry and guard his companions: how he gravely paced to and fro, shouldering his gun, till he heard a sound of many people approaching, whom, when they got quite close, he startled by crying "Who goes there?" On which one of them said to the others in a melancholy voice, "Alas, alas! we are disappointed: here are some people before us, and the barn is taken up!" Then it went on to relate how that, after much parleying, it proved that the new-comers were a large party of harmless people, well-provisioned, who had reckoned on this barn for shelter; in consequence of which the three comrades gave it up to them on the morrow and started for Epping Forest. They began to find their horse rather more plague than profit, because it was needful to keep on some kind of an open track, and they could not hastily slip him out of sight when they saw any one coming. Being warned off Walthamstow by constables and watchmen, they began to fear they should be starved,

and, finding an exaggerated report of their numbers had got about, John the soldier resolved to take advantage of it, and obtain by stratagem what he could not have done by force.

Towards dark, therefore, having artfully disposed his companions among the trees, and lighted several fires, he himself patrolled the edge of the wood, shouldering his musket, in full sight, and presently was accosted, as he hoped to be, by a terrified constable who kept at a safe distance. John the soldier had no scruple in leading him to suppose that a considerable body of desperate men were lurking in the wood who were nearly perishing with hunger, and if not supplied with food would certainly burst into the town during the night and help themselves. Consequence was, the Walthamstow folk sent the wily old rogue twenty loaves and three or four large pieces of beef, and thanked them for being contented.

There was a good deal more about these men, and the various adventures they had in the forest. The book enthralled Ellen for several nights, and when she went to bed it was to dream of a merry camp-life in

"The good green wood,
Where mavis and merle are singing."

Then she attacked the "Life of Thomas Ellwood," whose father, a country justice, kept his coach, his hunters, his greyhounds, and lived in an old house hung with armor, pictures, and coats of arms, though he appears to have been not much richer than Don Quixote, and only kept a man and a maid.

Sweet Guli Springett seemed to give a hawthorn-perfume to the book. First, there was Little Tom, riding with her in her child's coach, drawn by a man-servant, in Lincoln's Inn Fields. Afterwards, Tom, when a young man of twenty, took a fifteen-mile ride with his father to call on Guli's mother, Lady Springett, who, meanwhile, had married a

rigid Quaker, Isaac Pennington. While the old lady and gentleman are conversing, Tom finds his way into the garden, where he meets Guli, attended by her maid. Young as she was, he found her so stiff-starched that there was no getting on with her; and, as he and his father rode home, they agreed that their old friends were changed for the worse.

Tom, however, was smitten, and soon found his way back to Lady Springett's, where he soon received Quaker impressions, and began to make a conscience of withholding titles of respect from his friends, and keeping his head covered in his father's presence. This greatly displeasing the old gentleman, he made it his point of conscience to pluck Tom's hat off his head and throw it out of window, and then drive him to his own room, buffeting him by the way, and now and then "giving his ear a good whirret."

Having lost all his hats, and also his cap, one of the hats was restored by the relenting, though hot-tempered, father, at the entreaty of Lady Springett, in order that he might pay her a visit of some little duration; that is, "from the time called Easter to the time called Whitsuntide." Tom returned home more of a Quaker than ever, of course; and on his sitting down to table in his hat, his father coolly observed "Tom, if you can't dine without your hive upon your head, you had better dine somewhere else."

His ensuing course is both highly diverting and interesting. His father kept him almost in captivity. At length one day he took to his heels; his father after him; but the old justice, being scant of breath was soon distanced, and pausing soon to recover himself, muttered "Nay, an' he *will* take so much pains to go, let him go if he will."

Thenceforth, Ellwood followed his own devices, which often led him into difficulties. At one time he was secretary to Milton.

All this to read did Ellen seriously incline.

CHAPTER VI.—GREY NUNS.

ON the Monday which saw Ellen conveyed to Tranquil Vale, Mr. Bolter started early for the scene of the preceding day's adventures. As time was an object, he took an omnibus, which carried him some miles out of London. He then turned into a well-kept by-road, skirted, to the right, by an old gray park-paling, enamelled with varieties of minute green and gold-colored mosses, and overhung

by noble trees that occasionally shed an acorn or horse-chestnut at his feet.

A little way up he reached a pretty rose-covered lodge, and, passing through the swing-gate, he proceeded up a carriage-drive to a fine stone-built mansion, with all due adjuncts of coach-houses, stables, conservatory, forcing-houses, aviary, and fish-ponds. Several varieties of rare water-fowl disported themselves

on the latter; partridges, gold and silver pheasants, plovers, and peewits, fed on the grass; tame hares darted across the lawn; and even a fox, sly fellow, seemed dozing in his kennel, though whether he was shamming was past the wit of man to determine.

This place as completely captivated Mr. Bolter's fancy as the humbler beauties of Tranquil Vale delighted Ellen. He murmured to himself,

"Retirement, rural quiet, friendship, books, Progressive virtue, and approving heaven—" and lightly ran up the portico-steps, and rang the deep-toned house-bell. The rosy-cheeked footman who had accosted him the previous day, answered the summons, and, with a silent smile, ushered him at once into a lofty, spacious, cheerful morning room.

All the furniture of this room, except the fine net under-curtains, was drab of various shades, "each under each," matching each other like Duke Thesens' hunting-dogs. There were no pictures on the walls, but plenty of brilliant flowers arranged about the room, together with gay foreign birds and beetles, brilliant shells and sparkling minerals, under glass cases. The principal table was covered with beautifully-bound books; circling round a thick quarto Bible. There were gold and silver fish darting within a glass globe; there was a cockatoo on a perch, and a Persian cat on a cushion. The view of lawn and garden from the window, closed in by the forest, was charming.

Here Mr. Bolter was joined by a fair and fresh-looking lady, between thirty and forty, dressed in silver-gray silk, and

"With sable stole of cypress lawn,
Over her decent shoulders drawn."

Very little of her white throat was to be seen; but an artist might have been proud to model the arm and hand of this lady. Her fair, smooth-parted hair, little concealed by a transparent cap, shaded a brow that betokened intellect as much as her mouth indicated sweetness; her complexion was what Sir Joshua Reynolds would have described, when he advised his pupils to "think of a pearl and a peach," and her calm, placid, holy aspect reminded one of the lovely lady in *Comus*.

"I fear," said she, in a peculiarly sweet voice, "that thou hast studied my convenience at the expense of thine own."

"By no means, madam; my wish is to pass all the remainder of the day in the forest."

"This is not thy district, however," said the lady. ("Let us be seated.")

"No, I am only on temporary duty here during the illness of a brother missionary," said Mr. Bolter. "He is better, however, and, in a few days, I shall commence work in Hopkinsville—the far less inviting district to which I am appointed."

"I want to hear all about Hopkinsville," said she, drawing her writing-case towards her. "Give me minute details."

So then he told her all he had already told the Millers, and a great deal more. She set it all down, and now and then looked up at him with intense interest, and gave one or two sighs.

"This is sad," said she at last. "Something must be done. What is the first and greatest want?"

"Men," said Mr. Bolter, readily. "The right men for the right places."

"Ah, thou art right!" said she, again sighing. "Instead of saying with Jeremiah, 'Oh that mine eyes were rivers of water,' I am ready to exclaim, 'Oh that I were twenty home-missionaries!'"

"You would not supply the demand, madam," said Mr. Bolter.

"And therefore," said she, "I will abstain from wishing. It is better to pray than to wish. Let us unite in prayer."

And, instead of waiting for Mr. Bolter to take the initiative, she herself, after a short pause, poured forth a stream of prayer so fervent, so moving, so imploring, that Mr. Bolter thought he had never heard any thing to equal it, and was deeply affected when she proceeded to pray for himself. After another short pause,

"Now," said she, softly, "do thou go on."

He did so; and concluded with feelings strengthened and elevated.

"Ah," said she, "if we oftener agreed as touching a thing we should ask, and asked it, it would oftener be accorded."

"That's what I say," rejoined Mr. Bolter, "or, rather, it is what our blessed Lord has said, which is more to the purpose."

Mrs. Truebury having rung the bell, a man-servant entered with chocolate and rusks, served on silver. The refreshment was very acceptable to Mr. Bolter, who was set at his ease by her partaking of it with him.

"Yes," resumed she, "men are the chief want, and the wonder is they don't come for-

ward. They will go on a forlorn-hope to the North Pole, or penetrate Central Africa, for purposes of science and commerce, nay, they will try to force Christianity into regions that as yet are really impenetrable—while they leave a fearful amount of undone work at home. A few converted at Jerusalem is made much of—are there no Jews in Mary Axe? An enthusiastic young lady gets our government into trouble by distributing the Scriptures in Italy, against the law of the country; are there no Roman Catholics in Seven Dials? A brave, romantic man attempts to convert the gypsies in Spain: are there none in Epping Forest? Truly, they may say to us, as my little boy did to his nurse, when she attempted to cut his meat, 'Interfere with thine own plate!'"

Mr. Bolter could not help laughing.

"Ah," continued she, "for the man who aims to *be, rather than appear to be* a hero, there is plenty of work at home. As one of your own writers has said, 'It is true that, for the Golden Valley, he may have the Commercial Road; he may have streets for villages, courts for hamlets, the pool for his nearest lake, the sewer for his rivulet, and the scum of all the earth for his disciples; but such were the very scenes in which the apostle of the Gentiles fought with beasts and bearded the lion in his den. In the eyes of heaven, smoke-stained walls are as bright as leafy groves, the dusty street as the flowery mead, and the artisan's wan child as the blooming village maiden.'"

"True, quite true," said Mr. Bolter, "and therefore I would not, if I could, exchange the fetid lanes of Hopkinstown for the glades of Hainault and Epping, though I shall be glad when my seasoning is over."

"I shall make special prayer for thee," said she, simply. And then, after ruminating a little over her notes, she said,—

"Though rather deeply engaged already, I and a few Christian sisters, like-minded with myself, will aid thee to the best of our ability and judgment. We will engage at once a large empty room for schooling, whether morning or evening, first-day or any other day, and for exposition and prayer-service."

"Oh, thank you, thank you, madam!"

"I will also obtain a grant of school-books, Testaments, and slates—"

"Oh, thank you!"

"And forms, and a long writing-table. Those I will *myself* supply, and also a washing apparatus, and a few pounds of soap, and a few yards of coarse towelling."

"Delightful! Oh, thank—"

"Dost thee not think a lending library might be started?"

"If we had any books, and if any of the people can read."

"They will soon learn when there is a temptation. This is all I can undertake for the present."

"All! you have set me afloat."

"May God prosper thy undertaking! Don't *sleep* in that horrible place."

"No; it will be my interest as well as comfort to remain where I am. Pure air at night must repair the effect of foul air by day."

"Dost thou feel it affect thee much?"

"At present. On Saturday I returned to my lodgings so excessively depressed by it that I was quite ashamed afterwards that the kind persons I lodge with should have seen me so low. Yesterday, in the forest, I was as strong as a lion."

"Well, I will now speak of the matter for which I sent to thee. There are many gypsies hereabouts, and my husband is not very fond of my visiting them—he thinks them more in thy way than mine. The day before yesterday a gypsy-woman applied to me for relief for another woman who was ill in the forest. I gave her temporal relief, and talked to her a little, but made very little impression. There was something very repelling to me in her 'dear lady,' 'beautiful lady,' and so forth, by which she meant to propitiate me, but which had quite the contrary effect. She did not seem to have the faintest idea of religion. Wilt thou seek out the encampment of these people, and try to find out what is their state, what aid they require, and whether there be any opening for good?"

Mr. Bolter readily accepted the commission, and Mrs. Truebury, saying she would show him the nearest way to the forest through her own grounds, took a parasol, and led the way through a window opening on the lawn.

The weather, the walk, and the companion were charming. As they went, Mr. Bolter related to her his singular meeting with Pharaoh, to which she listened with much interest, and they had a good deal of desultory

talk on the outcast race to which he belonged.

At length they parted at a little wicket-gate, which she locked after him; and she remained watching him till he disappeared among the trees. Then she turned homewards, and was presently greeted by a lovely little boy who came running from the house. Grey Nuns was its name; it probably stood on the site of some old conventual dwelling, though not a vestige of it remained.

Mr. Bolter walked on in a most cheerful, happy frame, and thought how delightful it was to see wealth, intellect, and goodness so combined as in the instance before him. He had had an education superior to that which his present position seemed to demand, and could keenly relish refinement and intelligence though he voluntarily labored among those who possessed neither.

A few scattered leaves of a book lying among the fern and brambles induced him to pick them up and examine the nature of their contents. They were dirty and tattered, but as soon as he caught a glimpse of the words "Forest of Arden" he smiled and read on as he walked, the birds singing over his head, and the rabbits running right and left.

And he read how an elder brother turned a younger brother out of doors, and called his venerable old steward, old dog. And how the younger brother of a reigning duke plotted against his elder brother, and chased him from his dominions, and reigned in his stead; and how many good men and true followed the banished duke into the forest of Arden, where they lived as merrily and a good deal more honestly than Robin Hood and his foresters bold. And how young Orlando found his way to them, and also the good duke's daughter Rosalind, and the wicked duke's daughter Celia, who dearly loved her cousin; and how they dwelt in a little sheep-cote buried in olive-trees on the skirts of the forest. How that. . .

Here ensued a gap of sundry pages, much to Mr. Bolter's regret. Next he came to a song, which, amid his immediate surroundings, seemed charming—

"Under the greenwood tree,
Who loves to live with me,
And tune his merry throat
Unto the sweet bird's note.
Come hither, come hither, come hither!
Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather."

"Who doth ambition shun,
And loves to live i' the sun,
Seeking the food he eats,
And pleased with what he gets.
Come hither, come hither, come hither!
Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather."

O world, thy slippery turns! Orlando's cruel elder brother Oliver, thinking that to be sure he shall find countenance and acceptance with the banished duke's younger brother Frederick, finds himself, to his dismay, called to account for Orlando's disappearance, and threatened with confiscation and exile unless he brings him to light, alive or dead, within a twelvemonth. All this, and how Oliver found his way into the forest, and there wandered about in most wretched guise till almost starved and brought very low in body and mind, Mr. Bolter had not the means of reading. He found him coming up to Rosalind and Celia in a forest-glade, and showing them a blood-stained handkerchief, telling them he had been charged to account to them for Orlando's being unable to keep an engagement he had made with them, by a relation of facts. Orlando, he said, was straying along, in melancholy thought, when he perceived a wretched, ragged man, sleeping under an oak, just on the point of being stung by a large snake that had wound itself round his neck. Just as he thought it was all over with the poor man, the snake suddenly glided away, and Orlando then saw it had been scared by a lioness crouched under the bushes awaiting to spring on the unhappy sleeper when he awoke—

—"for 'tis
The royal disposition of that beast
To prey on nothing that doth seem as dead."
The brave youth therefore approached the sleeper, and found him to be his elder brother! whom he had no reason to suppose in pursuit of him except to take his life! What should he do? He had nothing to do but to walk away and let things take their course! Should he? Could he? Oh, no! The voice of his brother's blood would cry to him from the ground! He would sooner die, if need be, for his brother—

"Kindness, nobler ever, than revenge,
And nature stronger than his just occasion,
Made him give battle to the lioness,
Who quickly fell before him; in which hurting"

(says Oliver, bursting into tears of penitence and affection)—

"From miserable slumber I awoke."

Imagine the surprise of Rosalind and Celia, who knew his previous character and conduct, but not his person. "What!" say they in amaze, "are you his brother? Was it you he rescued?" He sobs out an affirmative; and, when a little more composed, tells them that a most tender reconciliation then ensued, and that poor Orlando, being sadly torn in the arm by the lioness, was unable to come to them, and sent them his handkerchief as a token that the bearer was a credible witness.

"Matchless Shakspeare!" thought Mr. Bolter. "This play is too long for modern taste; and I have little doubt that if a playwright wanted to reduce it to suitable dimensions, this charming passage would be curtailed, or altogether left out; and yet, to me, it is one of the noblest things in the drama! What a practical sense Shakspeare had of the beauty, the magnanimity, the imperative duty, of forgiveness! He must have had some notable injuries to forgive in his own life; for this is the writing of a man of experience. A common hand would have made the two brothers draw upon each other in the forest, Oliver die after a few passes, or at any rate limp away with the additional burthen of an odiously affable 'Thou art forgiven—get thee gone forever;' but Shakspeare could not

have slept in his bed if he had made things end so! His spirit of forgiveness so overleaps even its boundaries that it extends to the wicked brother of the duke, and, in spite of the risking the charge of repeating himself, which no one could better have known was not good art, he must make even that hateful man in a way to be good and happy, *in this world and the next*. He represents him coming to the forest with the relentless purpose of hunting down and slaying his brother, when—

"—meeting with and old religious man
After some talk with him he was converted,
Both from his enterprise and from the world,
His crown resigning to his banished brother,
And all their lands restoring them again,
That were with him exiled."

"To the mass of playgoers this sudden and real conversion would appear about one of the most improbable things in the whole play, which would just show that they knew nothing at all about it! Shakspeare knew better: and that man has had little experience of himself, and made very superficial observation on the characters and history of others, who does not feel that, in this incident, he suggests nothing that might not naturally have occurred."

"Shakspeare, with all thy faults I love thee still."

Mr letter closes with the sad announcement of the death of Mr. Walsh, which took place on the 8th February, at his residence in the Faubourg St. Honoré. It was the consequence of an illness of several weeks, an affection chiefly of the throat, which he appears to have been satisfied from the first attack would terminate fatally. His physicians did not think so. The patient, however, made his dispositions accordingly, and was relieved at length without suffering and without a struggle. He was buried this morning, according to his own wish, in a churchyard at Versailles; a large collection of friends, American and French, among whom some highly distinguished men, attending the parting obsequies. His decease will carry your recollections far back into past years, and his name will be refreshed in the thoughts of many, many contemporaries at home. Mr. John Quincy Adams used to think him the best American *belles lettres* scholar. He founded the first American Quarterly Review, and instituted a journal in Philadelphia which our people may well remember with respect. Various literary performances,

independent of these, distinguished their author as one of the most remarkable publicists of his time. He has been living for a long time past, somewhat more than twenty-two years, in this city, where his abode has been the habitual resort of distinguished men, literary, scientific, and political. His absence will be felt by them all, still more perhaps by countrymen, to whom he was always disposed to be a zealous friend.—*Correspondent of the National Intelligencer.*

Narratives and Adventures of Travellers in Africa. By Charles Williams. (Ward and Lock.)

A WELL-COMPILED volume from the works of travellers in Africa, and intended as a sort of *pabulum* to the popular appetite for something about Africa, excited by the narratives of Livingston and Barth. Adventures and anecdotes illustrative of the aboriginal inhabitants, animals, and plants, are plentifully scattered over the volume. There are several well-executed engravings and a good map.—*Critic.*

From The Christian Remembrancer.

Life of Mary Anne SchimmelPenninck.
London: Longmans and Co.

THERE are few points in which we differ more, one from the other, than in the impressions left on us by the period of childhood. Persons associate without any apparent intellectual disparity, some of whom may not retain other than a dim visionary impression of existence before the age of eight or ten, who are only conscious of thinking and acting for themselves subsequently to that period—all the previous time a succession of dissolving views, dreamy scenes without beginning or end; glimpses of pain or pleasure, snatches of thought or feeling, connected with a few names, a few persons, a few childish interests; but all vague, misty, and hardly connected with the present existence:—while others may regard the same period, from their earliest consciousness, with a clear, vivid retrospection, with a sense of reality which no after phase of life equals, as being full of *first* impressions and new knowledge. They look back on the dawning, one by one, of new ideas, on the distinct consciousness, for the first time, of certain faculties, on the acquisition of definite facts, and the working of infant reason and judgment upon them; on the introduction to society as a new influence beyond the social circle. They recall the gradations in learning, from the nursery and drawing-room to the austerer school-room, with its professional teachers; they recollect the first glimpse of public affairs; they know the sensations when the first sublime and religious ideas stirred the heart; when the teaching of conscience first woke within them: they have not forgotten the first sin, the first repentance, the first confession. They can revive the image of things and persons as they were, can conjure up when they please faces now faded, young, fresh, and habited in extinct fashions: they can renew the sensations of minute size and infantine proportions, before the foot stood firm or the limbs were practised in their work: they know how it feels to be lifted in air, and borne in strong protecting arms; what it is to nestle in a lap, to climb a knee, to sit triumphant on a shoulder: they can recall the relish of baby jests, the music and mysterious suggestions of infant rhymes, the swelling, absorbing enchantment of the opening world of romance, with its fairies, giants, dwarfs, and ogres; and again the wonder and awe of

graver learning, the first facts of history, the first idea of a far-receding past, the first sense of citizenship, the first books which set the thoughts in those channels in which they have flowed to this day. Those are to be envied who can trace thus far up to the hidden well-spring of being, whether their advantage lies in circumstances or in natural organization, for both commonly go to the formation of a memory acutely alive to early impressions; and a faithful record of these impressions must always form a valuable addition to the common experience, and, rightly used, throw a light on the most important period of education, the first training of the heart and intellect.

Just such a record does the volume before us furnish. The peculiar circumstances of Mrs. SchimmelPenninck's childhood, the varied interests in which she was engaged, the union of early mental culture with leisure and seclusion enough for the exercise of thought, and the happy constitution of her own mind for profiting by these intellectual advantages, all combined to produce a remarkable fulness and intelligence of memory, observation, and analysis long before these faculties are brought into play with children of more ordinary information and habits, and have resulted in an autobiography of her childhood and early youth, which must, we think, be read with general interest and profit, both as the history of a remarkable mind, and as a picture of once influential society now forgotten. Not, of course, that any thing so very exceptional as the circumstances of her childhood can be useful as a direct example, even on those points where we must approve the intention. With many children, such early forcing of the faculties and the judgment would have ended in the shipwreck of both; but the union of strength with docility, and the natural weight and seriousness of her interests, rendered her a fit subject for them. Early gravity did not end in mature frivolity, as we sometimes see, because it was the real bent of her mind: what she once received was assimilated into her system never to be changed or cast aside, so that when she came to record her youthful history, she could view it with the same eyes, trace it with the same feelings, which saw and actuated her at the time, and this constitutes its value. Her life was a whole, always true to itself and with no sudden dislocations to destroy the current of sympathy of one period

with another. Naturally candid, and a lover of justice, her course (though we must wish it had brought her to a more complete conformity with what we hold to be the truth) was not one to betray her into perversions and suppressions for the sake of system or party: a real benefit is never disowned because the benefactor would offend her own subsequent convictions or startle others' prejudices. Once grateful she is always grateful; a spiritual truth was such a reality to her, and once received so incorporated into head and heart, that she could not conceive harm or risk in recording from whom she received it, nor acknowledge its nature changed, its value deteriorated, by after fuller enlightenment. The characteristic of her self-history is honest truthfulness. We doubt if it is possible for persons to write of their early days without tincturing them with the interpretations and conclusions of maturer thought; but nothing of this sort is intentional: we have the rare and refreshing sensation, in reading a religious biography, of—in a full sense—believing what we read. We detect nothing as said with an unavowed covert ulterior purpose. She wishes to record her personal history, so far as it influenced the training of her soul and its gradual reception of Gospel truth. She has no fear of man before her eyes in the task; what she thinks, she writes fervently and well: not what she supposes she *ought* to think, or what she imagines would serve the interest of religion, but the actual experiences of life and thought. She may be mistaken, but she is never cowardly or false to her innermost conviction. She has faith in the truth, as it is the fashion to say, without gloss or comment. We are left therefore with real facts and real opinions to judge from—realities on which the reason may work, and form its own conclusions.

Most of our readers, if not acquainted with Mrs. SchimmelPenninck's "Select Memoirs of Port Royal," which excited considerable attention some thirty years ago, have probably been attracted recently by her very inharmonious and unpronounceable name in the lists of new books, and already are aware of her connection, by birth and education, with the leading Quaker families, and hereditary heads of that denomination: that her mother was a Barclay, that this lady and her husband, Mr. Galton, while nominally "Friends," were through their wealth and intellect, prominent

members of a distinguished circle of *literati* and scientific men, men of genius, who exercised great influence in their own day, and formed a sort of centre of liberalism; a circle to which intellect was the only passport, and where religious or irreligious distinctions were wholly disregarded. Into this circle their daughter Mary Anne was admitted, a young, observant, silent child, imbibing impressions from the leading spirits of their day, at an age when most children are confined to the nursery. It is this—her early familiarity with differences, and her early respect, deep and sincere, for many whom she knew to differ on what she already felt to be important points—from which arises one distinctive feature of this volume, the absence of denunciation and bitterness; of direct protest of every sort. It is the mildest, gentlest, most apologetic of religious biographies. We miss sternness, terrors, and thunders, whether orthodox or fanatical. In the abstract, there perhaps is not enough of dogmatism; but as its subject is a woman, one of the sex who must teach by example rather than by formal precept, we do not quarrel with the deficiency, and are able to go along with her much further in consequence; and, moreover, natural piety precluded the tone; for who can denounce the teachers who have first taught the knowledge of God, who have first led the heart to the perception of noble ideas? and here her mother taught her out of Dr. Priestley's catechism; and the truths she learnt through this strange medium were abiding ones. Dr. Priestley was an honored guest at her father's house, and she had thus an opportunity of testing his teaching by the effect upon his own manner and bearing, and even upon the expression of his countenance. From her earliest years she was a physiognomist; and learnt (we cannot tell with what justice) to trust her own conclusions. She unconsciously looked for some visible fruit from any spiritual knowledge, an indication of the mind satisfied and profiting by its faith; mere intellectual activity, the expression of search and investigation, however complacently pursued, did not fulfil her ideal; even in childhood she felt a want; she thought she saw it fulfilled in the philosopher whom all looked up to.

"I can never forget the impression produced on me by the serene expression of his countenance. He, indeed, seemed present with God by recollection, and with man by

cheerfulness. I well remember that in the assembly of these distinguished men, amongst whom Mr. Boulton, by his noble manners, his fine countenance (which much resembled that of Louis XIV.) and princely munificence, stood pre-eminently as the great Mæcenas, even as a child, I used to feel when Dr. Priestley entered after him, that the glory of the one was terrestrial, that of the other celestial; and utterly far as I am removed from a belief of the sufficiency of Dr. Priestley's theological creed, I cannot but here record this evidence of the eternal power of any portion of truth held in vitality. I believe that no Divine truth can truly dwell in any heart without an external testimony in manner, bearing, and appearance, that must reach the witness within the heart of the beholder, and bear an unmistakable though silent evidence to the eternal principle from which it emanates."—Pp. 31, 32.

Her mother must have been a very remarkable woman. It is not easy to form an idea of her from the conflicting testimony of her daughter's enthusiastic reverence and admiration, and certain facts which come out in the sequel: yet it is certain she was one formed to have influence, and to excite strong sentiments of esteem and respect. We see a sort of "Friendly" Minerva, so strangely do the practices of her sect, her heathen sympathies, and stoical philosophy combine. Her mind was highly cultivated; she was a Latin scholar, and deeply read in her own and foreign literature. She shone in society, had a fine taste, and was fortunate in a person to set off these distinctions: every thing she did and said was with intention, and had weight; she stood in a sort of setting, and was clearly accustomed to be regarded as something separate and choice, exempt from the pettiness, the frivolity, and the humiliations of mere ordinary humanity. After the lapse of sixty years or more, her daughter fondly dwells on her perfections, and the impression they produced.

"Amidst all the rank and fashion of the people who then frequented the Pump Room, my mother's appearance was ever singled out as eminently striking; few entered that room without asking who she was. Her figure and deportment were majestic and yet simple; in the expression of her countenance were both strength and delicacy; her complexion was exquisitely beautiful, forming a charming adornment to the strength of her chiselled features, and a coloring perfectly suited to her French gray satin pelisse with mother-of-pearl buttons, the lining of which, as well as

her ample muff, was of Angora goat's fur."—P. 77.

"My mother, whose word was like that of a queen to all within her circle, and to whom I had ever looked as to a tower of strength."—P. 143.

Contrasting father and mother, she writes:—

"It is curious to me, after the long lapse of years, to look back to the difference of the mental streams I received from my father and my mother. My mother's conversation spoke forth the fortitude, brilliance, and beauty of her soul. It breathed self-devotion, generosity, and sacrifices for her friends. With the most entrancing eloquence, she told of calamities bravely borne, self-sacrifices nobly achieved, or sufferings in the midst of which the soul rejoiced for those it rescued. My father, on the other hand, in the recital of the same chances, loved to detail all the ingenuity of intellectual resource by which they might be mitigated or averted, the presence of mind or science or ingenious evasion, by which they might be turned aside. Thus, whilst my mother awakened the heart by generous feeling, the instructions of my father continually pointed out the means of service either to others or one's self. The one was great, the other useful."—Pp. 53, 54.

"The unalterably firm but kind and wise government of my mother! whose voice was always sweet, clear, and equable, firm and deepening in solemnity like the diapason of an organ, or bright and refreshing with cheerfulness. For the twenty-eight years I lived at home, I never—in voice, look, or gesture—saw in her the slightest expression of temper. This I say, not as a mode of speaking, but as an actual reality. Her orders were precise, definite, always bearing on essential points, and wholly free from worry or petty detail; her reproofs were grave and austere, yet mingled with sweetness, and never bestowed but on known and wilful transgression. Prompt and instant obedience she enforced, or rather it was always willingly given."—P. 63.

"I honored the greatness I myself had not, and I gloried in her noble truth whilst I often quailed before the force of her character."—P. 102.

"Before my mother came down for the evening, I was often struck by the whole conversation being frivolous, sentimental, and full of flattery; I was no less struck by the change which immediately took place when she appeared. As the door opened, it seemed as if the whole party rose into a more elevated region, and the tone of conversation, just now so poor and despicable, became animated and refreshing, really answering the purposes of social intercourse. I also observed that every

one of the actors in the little scene, appeared to experience the same relief as myself, and to enjoy being raised, from the low spot each had before occupied, into higher ground, where they all seemed to breathe more freely and stand more erectly."—P. 145.

However colored all this may be, it raises a really imposing image, and we can understand the power such a character must have had over a susceptible and enthusiastic mind. Intercourse between parents and children was not then on the familiar footing of our own time, and probably it was one of Mrs. Galton's peculiar gifts to make all the world keep their distance; but the kind of state in which the child saw her mother at the periodical season in which she was admitted to her presence, enhanced the effect of her example and the force of her teaching. There was this adaptation in the character of mother and daughter, that it was the the habit of the one to instruct by formal precepts, and that the mind of the other was peculiarly open to this mode of instruction; a terse saying took tenacious hold of her memory, and found a home at once in her reason and heart. She was eminently teachable, and disposed to put every thing she learnt at once into practice; and every principle which actuated her subsequent course, she traces back either to its direct inculcation by forcible words or more forcible example. She says of herself that as a child she lived intensely in the present: the strong influences to which she was exposed, the vigorous minds to whose conversation she was admitted, the force of the energies around her, would all tend to this; and having strength of mind enough not to be daunted or bewildered by the atmosphere of intellect in which she lived, as many a child would be, she breathed freely in it: the realities of science and morals took early hold, and left no room for that dreamland which more than divides with fact the inner mind of ordinary childhood. This living in the present was one of the fundamental points of both parents' teaching. She speaks of

"A very favorite, and I think important, principle which my intellectual father and my dear mother were equally fond of inculcating on all their children: this was to be deeply earnest in whatever we did, and, whether it were great or little, to give our whole mind and being to it. My parents both inculcated this principle on all who came within their sphere, but on very different grounds. 'Give

your whole mind to what you are about,' said my mother; 'for it is a part of practical truth and integrity; whatever you seek to do, *really* do, and what you profess, *really* fulfil.' 'Give your whole mind to what you are about,' said my father, 'whether in play or study, for there is no pursuit, even in childhood, so trivial, but that numbers of useful things may be made to cluster around it. On very little pegs may be made to hang an infinite variety of useful things.'—Pp. 134, 135.

It is to this habit of giving the whole mind to what at the moment engaged in it, to which she attributes her memory; and we see clearly that, according to the amount and degree in which the intellect works, must be the impression made by its working. If we do not see things vividly at the time with a concentration of the powers, we cannot hope to retain a clear impression. Into a mind thus impressible and retentive, her mother's teaching fell with living force, from the first inculcation of the idea of a God, when, in answer to her question where the sun and moon came from, with great solemnity, and after some hours of preparation,

"She took me up-stairs, through her bedroom, into a little dressing-room, into which I was not habitually allowed to enter, but which from that time I as distinctly remember as though I now saw every thing in it. She shut the door, and said she was now going to answer my question; that that answer would be the most important thing I should ever hear in my life, for that it would involve every thing I should hereafter feel or think or do;—that if I made a good use of it, I should have such happiness, that nothing whatever could make me completely miserable; but if, on the contrary, I made a bad use of this knowledge, nothing could make me happy. She then spoke to me of God."—P. 3. And she went on to inculcate the duty of prayer. Again, she habituated her child to *confession* at stated times:—

"There are two things for which I am more especially indebted to my dear mother, amongst the innumerable benefits I received from her. One is, that she always took the season of our Sunday talkings, in which I poured out my mind to her as in the presence of God, or as a Catholic to his confessor, to tell me of my faults; and that she represented her doing so as a mark of her especial love and confidence, and of her full assurance that it was my first wish to do well and improve."—P. 24.

The other principle, which we subjoin, was one which our subject took as her rule

through life. However excellent, it is capable of a one-sided development, and we do not doubt issued in some eccentricities; though unfortunately for the complete view of a character, and consequent profit from our study of it, Mrs. SchimmelPenninck's faults and peculiarities—such as humanity must be subject to, which are implied by herself in many a passing confession, and which are admitted by her tender, loving biographer—are reverently withheld from our knowledge. However, it sounds a safe rule, and is one of the best rightly applied:—

“The second thing my mother taught me, and which indeed is connected with the same principle, is to value things at what they *are*, and not at what they *seem*. It had pleased God, by his blessing on the industry of my grandfather and father, that I was brought up in the midst of wealth and of every thing which pertained to what was really useful, either to the physical or intellectual life; but whilst this was the case, there was not one single thing, either in the furniture of our house or the appurtenances of its inmates, which was for show or for fashion; there was a use for every thing, and we were taught to despise that which was not useful. No one saw at Barr the least difference made on account of rank or riches or fashion, though often, I am sorry to add, they might on account of intellect. Our table, dress, and equipages were precisely the same when we sat down to dinner a family party of fourteen, as when we had ten or twenty guests—with the simple difference of the necessary additional quantity. The table at breakfast, dinner, and supper was always beautifully adorned with flowers, as were our sitting-rooms. My mother was always handsomely and exactly dressed, and she expected the same from all her family. She said we should *be* and not *seem*; we should do things to make our home beautiful and cheerful to those who live there, more even than for others who may be occasional visitors; though they equally demand our respect and attention.”—Pp. 25, 26.

This all looks very wise, but we suspect requires a large fortune to carry out; for to entertain our friends, even with the moderation Mrs. Galton practised, would imply to most of us a good deal of management and some meagre days. Gala days are made for people whose rule must be a straitened economy. It is very well for those who always live in luxury to make no extra preparation for their guests. Nor can we reconcile this philosophic restriction to necessities with the fact that once comes out, that Mr. and Mrs.

Galton travelled with their own four horses and two out-riders. However, as far as we can judge from the memoir, our only guide, Mrs. SchimmelPenninck was free from the faults belonging to a love of show and pretension, and was more independent than most people of the world's estimate. There is simplicity in her tone on all such matters; and she attributes the serenity with which she endured subsequent reverses, to her mother's teaching and example. In addition to the morals of the New Testament, in which the little girl was instructed on Sundays, she was indoctrinated with the love of heathen virtues and an emulation to rival the endurance and moderation of Stoics and Spartans. She is grateful here again to her mother's stern lessons on the endurance of pain, even though carried to a preposterous excess on more than one occasion, when as a little child she bade her walk slowly the length of a room, her hand wrapped in burning cotton, by which a scar was left for years; and, again, refusing to listen to the poor sickly girl's complaints on being condemned by the doctor for eight or ten years to the discipline of an iron apparatus which cramped and subdued all her movement, and rendered the free, careless action of youth impossible. Keenly alive to whatever was great in action, and eager in her reception of all knowledge, she records some amusing examples of infantine pedantry, characteristic at least of the reality of her acceptance of all teaching as a thing to be put in practice.

“I well remember one day when George Bott, the Friends' dentist, came to examine my teeth. I agreed to have my front teeth drawn before my mother came in from her walk, that I might puzzle her as to my classification, as I should want the four teeth in the upper jaw, the distinctive mark of the Primates. I sat still and had them all out, that it might be over when she arrived. George Bott said I was ‘the best little girl he had ever seen;’ and took from his pocket a paper of comfits as my reward. But I drew up, and said, ‘Do you think Regulus and Epictetus and Seneca would take a reward for bearing pain; or the little Spartan boys?’ He laughed heartily; and, my mother just then coming in, he said, ‘Thy little girl is too much of a philosopher to be rewarded for bearing pain, but still I hope she is enough of a child to like these comfits, as a mark of love and kindness;’ to which I acceded with great delight.”—Pp. 5, 6.

"Sandford and Merton" was written by one of this same philosophic set. The little Mary Anne was an ardent admirer and imitator of Harry, even to the seizing a live snake in her hand at her mother's bidding. She abhorred fox-hunting squires, and prayed that one of her neighbors might be thrown into a quagmire near, where he would get no harm, but have time to reflect. Her mother's creed on the subject of finery, and the tone of the philosophic story, exactly accorded, and Mrs. SchimmelPenninck drank in contempt for fine clothes, which, to judge from her portrait, must have lasted her life: for her uncommonly intelligent comfortable elderly face is surrounded by a modification of a Quaker's cap, curiously neutralized by a cross worn on her bosom—the whole symbolizing the amiable eclecticism of her course. Of that religion of which this Cross was the symbol, her childhood heard nothing, unless we except such allusions as the following, where at Oscott, in Miss Berrington's boudoir, she sees a picture:—

"On one occasion when Miss Lunn happened to come into the room, she pointed to the picture of Joan of Arc on her charger: 'Voilà la femme forte,' she said. 'Yes,' replied Miss Berrington, quietly pointing to the cross in the picture above, 'and there was the source from which she drew.' How earnestly did I wish to have these enigmatical words explained! I saw, by the reverent change which passed over Miss Lunn's countenance, that some deep meaning was thereby intended; I knew not what, but deeply did I ponder these things in my heart."—P. 177.

She calls the period of her childhood the lowest ebb of Quakerism.

"With many, religion was a mere bundle of strict outward observances and peculiarities; with others, who lived in the love of God, it was indeed a living, but mystic consecration; but both these parties alike were ignorant of many of the leading principles of divine truth."—P. 61.

And of her mother she writes:—

"She had also taught me, that the true object of life was to aim at being perfect, even as, or because, He is perfect; but there her instructions left me. My dearest mother, excellent and high-minded as she was, had not lived with those who had the slightest tincture of what we now term the doctrines of the Gospel. She believed that the field of free inquiry was open to all; and that so long as people were sincere, they were acceptable to God. She had never been thrown in common

life; she seemed to live in a charmed atmosphere, where every one paid her glad homage as to a superior being; and, in truth, she had never experienced any thing of the rubs and collisions, the tug of war in the battle-field of life."—P. 99.

It is good for no one to live in a charmed atmosphere, nor for any woman to have a husband "who," as she expresses it, "considers all her singularities as perfection;" and the astounding fall which the story discloses from all this magnanimity and excellence, must be owing to this life of spoiling—to this uninterrupted exercise of her own will, without dispute or question. The effect, upon those who have always been used to their own way, of any interruption to this state of things answers to the shock of an earthquake: the foundation of things seems failing, Nature herself giving way; and especially may this be the case where the homage has been that of reverence for the judgment, and where an equable consistency of conduct has matured self-esteem into a principle. We have, it is true, to form our judgment from the statement of one party, though that party is not Mrs. SchimmelPenninck, but her biographer. Yet an absolute final rejection of a child who earnestly and humbly perseveres in seeking a reconciliation, whatever the original offence, implies an obduracy revolting to all our feelings. After Mrs. SchimmelPenninck's marriage, some difference in the disposition of her *own* property inherited from her grandfather, in which, to the end of her life, she believed herself in the right, was so resented by father and mother—and here the mother was the ruling spirit—that, to the end of their days, they never saw again their devoted daughter, whose part we are the more inclined to take, because there is no word in her autobiography inconsistent with the most loving affection towards either of her parents; nor would she ever allow them to be blamed in her presence by those who resented the treatment she had received, and saw the deep and permanent sorrow it caused. This was characteristically shown by her constant practice of wearing mourning from November—the month her mother died, unrequited to her daughter—to Christmastide, when she felt the universal joy ought not to be obscured by private regrets. The form of Quakerism grafted upon Stoicism, and personified by a woman, is, after all, not an

agreeable image, and some curious results may be expected from it. The old grandfather Barclay, at Dudson, is a far pleasanter portrait, and, no doubt, exercised a salutary influence on the thoughtful child, over-excited, in mind and body, by the perpetual stir of intellect at her father's house, and in a state to appreciate the repose which reigned under his directions. He made a good use of a large fortune, and could indulge his benevolence, not only in mitigating the sorrows of men, but in making animals happy.

"It used to be a delight to me, when, standing near my grandfather in a rustic fishing-house at the farthest end of a pool, he applied to his lips a little silver whistle (such as now, sixty-six years after, I wear in remembrance of him), and immediately the surface of the lake seemed instinct with life. Water-fowl, of all descriptions, rose from their coverts, and hurried towards us: the heavy Muscovy ducks, sheldrakes, Burrow ducks from the Severn, sea-gulls, Canada and Cape and tall Peruvian geese, and the little moorhen and teal, half-sailing, half-flying, with six majestic swans, all drew near to be fed. How well do I remember my grandfather then saying to me, 'Thou canst not do much good, and canst feed but a very few animals; yet how pleasant it is to do even that! God, the Father of all, opens his hand, and all his creatures on the face of the wide earth are filled with good. How blessed is He!'"—P. 41.

He taught her the habits of his favorites, which she spiritualizes in her notice of them; and she, the most grateful of scholars, thus records her acknowledgments:—

"My grandfather only told me the facts of natural history; but I have thought, in long after years, that he had a deeper meaning, whilst he waited till the word and spirit of God might itself explain the living truth to my heart; and oh! how often have I blessed him for it!"—Pp. 42, 43.

In spite of her openness to impressions, she early felt something in her opposed to the religious system in which she was born, so far as she could be said to be born to any.

"My grandfather's household was a strictly Friendly one, and there were some about him very anxious to train me in the habits of Friends. One of these persons sometimes said to me: 'See how beautiful are the sober and unobtrusive colors of the linnæa, the dove, and the redbreast! I hope thou wilt imitate them in thy attire.' I would answer: 'But art thou not glad, though, that it pleased

God not to create grandpapa's peacocks and golden pheasants on Friends' principles?'"—Pp. 45, 46.

She was particularly impressive through symbolism: her mind from the first eagerly caught at spiritual meanings in things, and welcomed every sign which spoke some hidden truth—a habit for which Quakerism supplied no food. We attribute to an early chance awakening of this instinct, her subsequent choice of a denomination. When Moravianism was presented to her acceptance, at the close of a long period of doubt and religious perplexity, it had already a home in her fancy. At seven or eight years old, she went to Tenby with her parents:—

"Of the rest of the journey I recollect little, excepting that one evening at sunset, I rather think near the beautiful woods of Lord Dynevor's park at Llandilo, at the moment when the glowing tints were lighting up the dark trees, solemn and sweet sounds borne on the air reached us: as they drew nearer, there passed a simple funeral procession, preceded by some wind instruments, with which voices sweetly blended. The procession was habited in white, and the coffin covered with a white pall, on which were affixed, in large characters, a few Scripture texts. I remember these amongst them: 'Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord.' 'Precious is the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints.'

"My mother told me that this was a Moravian funeral, and that the Moravians were persons who love God and love each other as brothers and sisters; that they call dying 'going home,' and give thanks, and sing praises, and rejoice with those who depart. I was much impressed by the whole thing, though little did I imagine that, in after years God's mercy would bring me into intimate relationship with those very people."—P. 51.

As far as we can judge, her home was a really liberal one, with no affinity to that pseudo-liberalism of the present day, which compensates for unbounded license in one direction of thought by the bitterest intolerance in another. At any rate, we are not let into any of Mr. and Mrs. Galton's antipathies, and certainly their child was indoctrinated with none of them. Amongst the incongruous circle at Barr (her father's residence near Birmingham), mixing, on easy terms, with Friends, Unitarians, Materialists, Infidels, represented by such men as Priestley, Day, Edgeworth, Lord Monboddo, and Dr. Darwin, the Rev. Joseph Berrington, of Oscott, occu-

pied an important place. We must give her description, as an illustration of the state of religious parties in the last quarter of the past century:—

"Such are some of my recollections of the Lunar meetings. It was at one of them, at the house of Dr. Priestley, that my father first met the Rev. Joseph Berrington, a Roman Catholic gentleman, who, as it happened, was the Catholic priest of Oscott, a small hamlet about a mile and a half from Barr. My father invited him to visit us. I never shall forget the impression that the sight of Mr. Berrington made upon me, when I was not eight years old. It was tea-time, on a summer afternoon. The drawing-room at Barr was very large, and especially it was a very wide room. The door opened, and Mr. Berrington appeared; a tall and most majestic figure. I had never seen any thing like that lofty bearing with which he crossed the room to speak to my mother; his courtly bow, down, as it seemed to me, almost to the ground, and then his raising himself up again to his full height, as if all the higher for his depression. Mr. Berrington was in person very remarkable; he was then about fifty; his complexion and hair partook of the sanguine, his prominent temperament; and this gave a lightness and relief to his angular and well-cut features. His countenance exhibited, if one may so say, sternness and mirthfulness in different proportions; his nostrils were slightly fastidious; his mouth closed like fate. His conversation abounded in intellectual pleasantry; he was a finished gentleman of the old school, and a model of the ecclesiastical decorum of the church of ancient monuments and memories; his cold, stern eye instantly silenced any unbecoming levity either on religion or morality; his bearing was that of a prince amongst his people, not from wordly position, but from his sacerdotal office, while his ancient and high family seemed but a slight appendage to the dignity of his character. His voice was deep and majestic, like the baying of a blood-hound; and when he intoned Mass, every action seemed to thrill through the soul. . . . He was our most intimate neighbor at Barr. Three or four days seldom passed without his joining our dinner or tea-table; and as his house at Oscott was the rendezvous of much Catholic society, from that time Catholics became our social visitors, and many of them were yet more intimately connected with us. We regularly had fish on Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays, as it was more than likely that some of them would drop in; and they were ever welcome. Amongst these I should especially mention Bishop Berrington, cousin to our Mr. Berrington; Dr. Bew, an eminent doctor of the

Sorbonne; Miss Henrietta Berrington, who often stayed months with her brother and months with us, and became one of our most intimate friends; likewise Miss Lunn, afterwards Mrs. Neve."—Pp. 36, 37.

We do not find much mention of members, or at least of clergy, of our own Church in this set; nor do we find that it was ever presented to her in any near association, in a way to touch her sympathies; but we have the following characteristic of the time:—

"Another acquaintance my mother formed at Bath was that of Dr. Hastings, Archdeacon of Dublin. His conversation was exceedingly agreeable and instructive. He presented my mother with Gregoriot's Leti's 'Life of Pope Sixtus V.,' which opened a new vista of entertainment and information to us. Dr. Hastings was zealously attached to the English Church, and gave my dear mother many books on the subject. I remember, towards the close of Mrs. Priestley's visit, Miss Berrington came to us. I have heard that my mother was once walking in the Pump Room between these ladies, when Dr. Hastings came up, and spoke to her of a book explanatory of the Liturgy of the English Church, which he had given her. My mother thanked him for the book, but said she feared he would think very badly of her, when she declared how entirely she differed from his views of the Liturgy. He bowed, and politely answered, 'Well, my dear madam, I do indeed wish that you belonged to the Church of England; however, I will not make myself uneasy, as I should were you an Unitarian.'—My mother, interrupting him, said, 'Dr. Hastings, I have omitted introducing you to my friend Mrs. Priestley;'—'or,' Dr. Hastings then resumed, 'what is so much worse, a Roman Catholic.' My mother replied: 'This lady is Miss Berrington. I am afraid you will think very badly of my condition.' Dr. Hastings courteously answered: 'Nay, madam, you are in just the position which the Church of England occupies—the true medium between those who hold too much and those who hold too little.'"—Pp. 77, 78.

Yet our Church was not without its word of instruction to the harassed, perplexed child, who—with stimulated intellect, and with wretched health confining all her energies, even relaxations, to head work—was already beginning her search for some standing-ground for her soul to rest on. She had been left at Dawlish—owing to her mother's long absence, from ill-health—under the care of indiscreet governesses and a worldly aunt. The desultory life of amusement did not suit her. She

was depressed and dissatisfied. We may here observe, too, that the constant companionship of her brothers and sisters, all younger than herself, was no source of pleasure; their noise tried her, their interests seemed frivolous; in fact, though one of a large family, her training, owing to the principle of separation carried on under her mother's management, was that of an only child; and we must infer, from silence on this head, that the fraternal relation exercised very little influence on her at any period of her life. She tacitly admits this, and confesses the errors of temper—and, as we see, errors of training—which caused it. On this occasion it happened that, dull and sad, all these uncongenial children, cooped up in small lodgings on a rainy Sunday, there drove up to the door their father's carriage, containing some of the family servants and an old schoolmistress of the dame class, "a thorough and devoted member of that old-fashioned Church of England School, which was rather occupied in living the truth than in defining it." Trim in dress, gentle in manner,

"She came in on that day, in the midst of the dreadful tempest, bright, cheerful, and placid, delighted to see us, as we were to see her; and when asked about her journey, and its having prevented her attending her favorite church, and the preacher in whom her whole soul seemed concentrated, she respectfully replied, 'No; I had a very pleasant journey, for I came in the way of duty; and I know my heavenly Father would not have sent me from his house, and turned me out to travel, on a day like this, unless he had had a blessing in store for me; besides, I knew that the heart of the whole Church was lifted up for poor travellers by sea and land; and I knew that God himself, who always answers his children's cry, was with us, and watching over us.' Never shall I forget these words; they came to me as a sunbeam bursting through a thick cloud; my eyes filled with tears; eight months had elapsed since I had heard the name of God mentioned with love and reverence. No one could describe what those words were to me; they were as a refreshing shower on a parched ground,—like dew on a desert,—where every blade of vegetation had perished, but which was ready to germinate and put forth buds; they were like the first soft breath of spring which shakes off the snow, which loosens the frost-bound soil, and bids the snowdrop and the primrose again burst forth. Since the heavy Christmas Day on which my dear mother was first taken ill, I had indeed had moments of intense joy;

both at meeting her at the Corselawn Inn, and again when I was with her at Bath; but that feeling was still essentially different in its nature from the happiness it now was once more to have the reality of God's loving presence brought home to me. In an instant my heart seemed lightened with the feeling that the name of the Lord is a strong fortress, into which those who enter shall be safe."—Pp. 107, 108.

With this one exception, influential religion came to her observation in the familiar garb of Quakerism or in Roman Catholicism. She gives us two pretty pictures of how these struck her, in their several developments, at the age of ten or eleven. First, her cousin Priscilla Gurney is described—a leading light amongst "Friends," whose experience is given, as well as her portrait, in these fair and glowing terms:—

"Her costume was that of the strictest Friends of that day. How well, I remember, her coarse stuff gown contrasted with the exquisite beauty and delicacy of her hands and arms, her snow-white handkerchief, and her little gray shawl; her dark-brown hair divided after the manner of a Gothic arch over her fair forehead. Then she wore a black silk hood over her cap, and over all a black beaver bonnet, in the shape of a pewter plate, which was then esteemed the official dress of the gallery. Her voice was most musical and enchanting: as clearness and brilliance was the characteristic of my mother's voice, so sweetness and flexibility was that of my cousin's."—Pp. 190, 191.

"One day my mother sent me to her room with a basket of fruit and a message. Her apartments on this occasion were in what we often called 'the Catholic quarter' of our house, because so often used by Catholics. They were the same which a few months before had been occupied by our friend Miss Berrington, to whom I had also once been sent on a message; and the contrast between the scenes presented by the rooms and their occupants on the two occasions forcibly struck me. When I went with no small awe to Miss Berrington, I saw on her dressing-table, Missals, the 'Imitation,' and other devotional works on one side; the Peerage and 'Court Calendar,' and the looking-glass on the other: but the latter books appeared new, as if seldom open, whilst the former, though perfectly well and reverently kept, looked as if used daily. There were on the same table essences and various powders, and artificial flowers, the usual accompaniments of dress in that day; but there also stood scales to weigh medicines for the poor, a crucifix, and beads. Before the table, in her easy chair, sat Miss

Berrington, her figure tall and elegant, her dress gay and tasteful, and her manner kind, yet brilliant with finished politeness: there she sat in all the adornment which I had learnt to consider as a thing of the world, but her table and often the floor were covered with work for the poor, which all her solitary hours were occupied in completing; and whilst her conversation was full of wit and mirth and anecdotes of the great world, the early morning beheld her solitary walks to attend the little chapel at Oscott, or to visit and cheer the sick and needy.

"When the same apartment was occupied by my cousin Priscilla, it had undergone a complete transformation. The looking-glass was banished, and on the table were the works of the venerable Isaac Pennington, whose memory, with that of the legislator Penn, and the genius of Milton, have consecrated the little village of Chalfont. Few have probably read these books which my cousin loved so well, without a blessing, and without drawing nearer in soul to that God who was the bond of union in that blessed society. But, above all, you ever saw with her the Holy Scriptures open, and on entering the room and looking on her countenance, it seemed as though the reflection of light and love and calmness from the written and inward Word, beamed from that face with an impress not to be mistaken. Truly, when I opened the door, I felt 'This is holy ground;' and whilst I thought myself at an unutterable distance from her, I was elevated in spirit, as we always are in the presence of the greatness which is of God, in contradistinction to that which is of the world. There my cousin Priscilla was sitting, engaged in reading, or in holy meditation, and sometimes speaking to her little maid Joan."—Pp. 196-198.

It is these singular experiences of a mind suffered to form its own conclusions upon them, which give its distinctive character to this work. Mrs. SchimmelPenninck's mode of receiving spiritual truth was essentially different from the ordinary one. We must not wonder that her conclusions are different also, and that no reader can be satisfied, or find his sympathies fairly met, while we think *all* must appreciate the candor, sincerity, and seriousness of aim with which the search was pursued. We cannot but regret that while arriving so near in creed and principle and feeling to our own Church, she, to the last, continued external to its visible fold; while we do not wonder that the "religious world," as it is called, is dissatisfied with the tone uniformly adopted by her towards the Church of Rome. We see, indeed, that this Church

occupied the *idea* of a Church in her mind to the exclusion of every other. Its pretensions so far won upon her that she never recognized ours, and she probably never acknowledged the Church of England in her own mind—as she would never hear it spoken of by such of its members as came in her way—as other than the largest and most influential of the various denominations amongst which she was free to make her election. The Church of Rome held certain dogmas in which she felt it impossible she could ever believe; she was not one to force her conscience; she therefore acquiesced in the disunion, but there was much in the writings and history of that Church to excite her even enthusiastic admiration and sympathy; much that her training amongst "Friends" prepared her for. In all cases where there is independence and originality of mind, however teachable and susceptible that mind may be, influence will not take the most obvious direction, which is to mould it to an outward form. Ordinary minds are first impressed with the forms of things, and acquiesce in them without much thought of their meaning: and their ideas of fellowship are satisfied if others hold the same form with them. Thus we constantly see the utmost dissimilarity of principle united by some strong external bond. The best religious education is when valuable forms are enforced with a full instilling and acting out of their motives: but here is a child, of grave, inquiring mind, thrown amongst a sea of forms and no forms, not one of which is enforced upon her with any show of authority and preference—welcome to sit at Friends' meeting or attend service at Oscott Chapel, as she or her governess pleased, and driven, therefore, into a search of motives and first principles; a process which was pretty sure to assimilate in her mind many supposed opposites. She could accept of nothing without knowing what it meant. Those she most revered adopted a certain garb, observed certain practices, were not afraid of singularity, used a peculiar language, exercised a stoical command over natural feeling. Many merely docile minds would have accepted these observances as a matter of course, have got used to them, moulded them into habits, allowed their feelings and affections to wind round them before tracing them to their first principles. This child accepted them at once because they suited her temperament, but looked mainly to what she

believed their intention. What did the plain garb mean?—separation from the vain customs of the world. What did the formal speech mean?—a religious, truthful precision of word and thought. What those long silences?—to give the soul opportunity of communion with the Unseen; to leave it open to the visitations of the Spirit. What the suppression of outward signs of pain or grief?—to show the superiority of mind and eternal things over the body and its short-lived infirmities.

These observances sank deep into her heart; she loved them her life long as symbolizing truth. But then she loved them wherever she found them; not only in the broad brim and the prim bonnet, but in the monk's hood and the nun's veil, the fast, the vigil, the endurance of pain, the self-denial, the sacrifice of what was pleasant to the eye, the silence of the cloister, the wrapt meditation of the cell. When first she became acquainted with monastic life, through the writings and history of the Port Royalists, she seemed to breathe familiar air. Her early reverence for the contemplative life—as shown in her cousin Priscilla, who had renounced marriage, attired her fair form in coarse camlet, and retired from her worldly home to a retreat where a "solitude" had been prepared for her—was all renewed in La Mère Angélique. Even as a preacher, uplifting her persuasive voice from "the gallery," some parallel could be found in the mother abbess' emphatic utterances. The inexorable silences of Port Royal asceticism were within her own experience, and always agreeable to her feelings. Nor could even her taste be forced to draw distinctions, for La Mère studiously made the garb of her order ungraceful, and watched over every indulgence of fancy as carnal backsliding. Even the forbidding exterior of the meeting-house found its counterpart in La Mère's architecture, who, when urged by her ecclesiastical superior to consult symmetry and order in her building, set him down with prompt Quaker-like decision, "I will not have it." We are not drawing the parallel for ourselves, but as it would seem to her. What we are accustomed to call extremes would, under her mode of viewing it, be one same idea under different names. It was the consequence of her education and natural bias that she scarcely realized doctrine apart from its fruit and effect; the

presence of a *creed* in the one case, and the want of it in another, would not, therefore, influence her judgment to the degree it *ought* to do. She looked always for frames of mind; was, perhaps, more gratified by uniformity of practice than of abstract faith—indeed, would only recognize that part of any man's professed faith as real or appreciable which influenced his conduct; moreover, while men generally are taught to define religions by their differences, she was brought up where there was no dogmatism on the subject, and thus, perhaps, naturally estimated them by their points of likeness and analogy.

One pursuit of her childhood contributed to this tone of thought. We have said her earliest instinct was to study countenances; at ten years old, she read Lavater with intense interest, and probably with great benefit as counteracting the material influences by which she was surrounded. It is an illustration of the power books have in their own day, when they hit the want or the humor of the age, to see what a strong hold, what lasting influence this work exercised on the mind of an intelligent child.

"It was Madame de la Fite's French translation, equally distinguished for an eloquence which gives it the effect of an original work, and for accurate physiognomical portraits, the peculiar characteristics of which have been altogether blunted and lost, in the English elaborate but unfaithful plates. Hour after hour did I spend entranced over its contents. Its ardent piety, its elevated aims and consecrated objects, absorbed my whole soul, just as a first view of an ocean, a sunset, or a mountain. How did the eighth Psalm, as I now read it in Lavater, seem the utterance of my heart, and his picture of the family of adoring worshippers, looking upwards to God, with arms stretched out, soaring towards the immortal world, made an indelible impression on me. I took them to be all portraits; and my very heart said from its inmost depth, 'O that I knew such people! people from whose faces and attitudes the light of God's glory seems reflected!' Then I looked at all the other portraits, and read what was said of each with earnest curiosity. I loved to see how, in every face, some trace of goodness, or intelligence, or capacity for blessing might be found. . . .

"Lavater had taught me that the restoration God effected in man was by intensity of love, and that a copy of that love is the only means of restoration man can employ towards his fellow; just as pieces of iron, of various shapes and sizes, will grate against each

other, till exposed to the heat of a furnace, when the cold iron will flow and melt together in one."—Pp. 140, 141.

In like spirit she, in later life, took up phrenology, towards which the early possession of a skull, and her childish musings upon it, may have influenced her. Of which science she writes:—

"May I be allowed to add, that I believe Phrenology either eminently useful or otherwise, according to the principles upon which it is studied? How invaluable is a science imparting self-knowledge, where it leads to a practical sense of the necessity of divine help! How useful the knowledge of the working of other minds, if it be made a basis of forbearance and charity; and how inestimable a testimony does Phrenology bear to Christianity, by pointing out many parts of the cerebral structure which can find their scope only in a Divine revelation!"—P. 462.

All knowledge of character, all study of human nature, tends to toleration of views, so much so that men who confine themselves to this study lose their niceness of perception of abstract truths, and are incapacitated for becoming theologians. There must be two ways of regarding the same opinion; one, the fact as it is—the other, how it came to be what it is. The business of the controversialist makes him keenly alive to differences; he has nothing to do with *how* the difference has arisen,—it is to him a monstrous perversion of truth which he defies and spits upon. The student of human nature, holding the same views, but through the medium of another organization, views differences with a studious, speculative eye. Wherever he sees an effect he looks for a cause. He is not content till he has discovered whence it springs, and in the course of his inquiries discovers intrinsic and inherent variations of mind from mind, which must issue in viewing the same truth from different sides as it is pursued by different faculties; and even where in the end he sees grave error, the process of analysis has had a tranquillizing effect. He owns difficulties, he makes excuses for the offender, he even feels conscious that his own confirmation may not be so perfect but that aspects and phases of the truth in all its fulness may escape him. All study, all teaching, makes men deliberate, pause, weigh, vacillate; it takes away that confidence in the judgment which some minds feel from a fancied intuition; or from ignorance of the other side of

the question—for all deep questions have two sides, and minds are apt to see them according to their order of faculties and temperament. Thus her habits and pursuits furnish reasons in abundance why this lady should be tolerant; but it is satisfactory to perceive that there were always bounds to her toleration, and that she had an instinct of strong antipathy to infidelity, as far as it touched upon any received truth. As all her experiences were with leaders in their several lines, so here her first near acquaintance with Atheism was through the notorious Dr. Darwin, who, in the unbounded liberalism of her father's house, was allowed to utter his blasphemies against every spiritual truth unreprieved in her presence. But here her Stoicism proved a valuable ally. She revolted against his gross self-indulgence before she listened to the Materialism from which it sprang. We have not space for her first description of his vast and massive figure, with his head almost buried between his shoulders, and sagacious eye—his travelling luxuries of fruit, sweetmeats, and cream and sugar to beguile the tedium of a forty miles' journey, the luncheon-table set out with his favorite dishes which greeted his arrival, and at which he sat till the dinner-bell rejoiced his soul—but pass on to the particulars of his next visit:—

"It was in the beginning of 1789 (she was born at the end of 1778) that my mother was again far from well, and my father sent for Dr. Darwin. Baneful and ominous these visits appeared to me, and I felt an instinctive dread of them, child as I was, for which I could assign no reason. All the winter I had been more or less under the upward aspiration I have described; and when on Dr. Darwin's arrival, he entered the room and sat down to the usual well-spread table which had been provided for him, I felt an instant repulsion. His whole conversation, I remember, on that occasion, was characterized by the merriment and so-called wit which aimed its perpetual shafts against those holy truths which, imperfectly though I yet knew them, afforded me the only comfort in distress which I had ever experienced, and seemed to me the only wells of living water in the desert where we then found ourselves. When I observed Dr. Darwin lingering over his repast, and recollected my mother's suffering state, and the high eulogiums with which she always spoke of him and her care to maintain his honor and to consult his comfort, I was struck equally with aversion and indignation at conduct which appeared to me to evince a total

want of feeling. I do not give this as a judgment upon Dr. Darwin; perhaps so far as his jocose manner extended, he might imagine it an alleviation in our case, but on me, a child, the impression was indelible. I could not admit the possibility of his allowing any idea to intervene between his entrance into the house and his ascertaining my mother's state and trying to relieve her. I will mention one observation of Dr. Darwin's to show how grievous it is to receive objections to Holy Scripture without first looking round and ascertaining if there be not a reply. He said on one occasion that the Scriptures of the Old Testament were a tissue of fables, unworthy to be trusted even by their own confession, seeing it was there stated that the Book of the Law was lost for a long period, and only found again in the reign of Josiah. This staggered me not a little, for he omitted to add that this applied only to the original, identical copy of the Law, since every king of Judah was obliged to transcribe a perfect copy upon his ascending the throne; that copies in like manner were deposited in every Levitical city, and that so exact were they in point of correctness, that the failure of one letter cancelled the sheet. Though I shrank with horror from such observations, and the sneering manner which accompanied them, and though they seemed to strengthen my resolution in the opposite direction, yet I believe from experience that it is wise not even to listen to things we know to be false, whether against Holy Scriptures, or against the character of individuals; for though we may rebut them at the time, yet often in hours of weakness or particular temptation, those very things will recur again, and insensibly obtain a lodgment even in the mind which had at first unhesitatingly rejected them. Well has the word of God compared the arguments of infidels to thorns and thistles; like the former, how do they lacerate and entangle the mind—or at least, as it were, catch the intellect or habits or tastes, which are the mind's clothing—and impede it; whilst, on the other hand, the sneers and gibes of the infidel, like the worthless thistle-down, from their very lightness, are wafted far and near, and soon grow up into a crop of poisonous weeds."—Pp. 149–151.

It is deemed essential in most religious biographies of a certain school that the subject shall pass through a stage of unbelief—we say so because it cannot be otherwise accounted for why minds of different temperaments, and exposed to different trials, should, in much the same wording, go through this one peculiar discipline—but, in the case before us, the temptation came in a tangible

shape. We can understand the perplexities, the doubts, the horror of darkness, which assailed this earnest inquiring spirit, and arranged themselves against her feeble light. When the French Revolution broke out, she describes vividly the intoxication of blind welcome with which it was received, the total change it produced in the conversation of her father's circle, the upsetting of all preconceived opinion. The new empire of reason and benevolence, ushered in by the destruction of the Bastille, fell in with her notions; the general contempt for experience and custom infused habits of self-reliance in her own mind; nor could she, even as a child, look up to the guidance of those who were searching out the way for themselves. She heard present interests pronounced the only realities; the unseen and its vast concerns thrust into the shade. Dr. Priestly descanted on the blessings of free inquiry, wherever it might lead. Dr. Darwin more boldly than ever preached the supremacy of the senses as the only gates of knowledge; conscience a weak figment of the imagination; the soul, a future world, the existence of a God, points of which we could know nothing. Even her father was, unintentionally, one of her tempters, by perplexing her with intricate moral questions, and engaging her in a labyrinth of metaphysics. She was at this time condemned to her iron frame, which tried her weak health, irritated her nerves, and drove her to exclusively intellectual pursuits with liberty of indiscriminate reading on philosophical subjects from a library full of infidel works. To add to her afflictions, her father took it into his head to become her instructor. Their minds were differently constituted; he forced her into a study of the exact sciences, had no patience with her failures, bewailed himself at her dullness, upbraided her that with so bright and intellectual a mother, and a father so fond of science, they should be tried by so stupid and wayward a child, and clearly abandoned himself to those transports of impatience which make some fathers the worst teachers their children can have. It really seems as if mind and body must have given way under the extraordinary pressure of excitement, but for the sedative of her mother's calm consistency, when she saw her,—which was not often, as she was much from home, owing to ill-health,—and days of serene enjoyment at her grandfather's, who was not at all carried away by

the French Revolution, and saw all things with the same eyes as before, and by the very potency of quiet preserved some sort of equilibrium in his little favorite's mind. But all her ideas seemed at sea. Her soul found no anchor. She was miserable in the loss of her confidence; so miserable that, not able to endure uncertainty any longer, she determined, according to the new doctrine, to judge for herself, and be directed by her own reason whether there was truth in revelation or not. For this purpose, at some thirteen years of age, she applied herself to the received authority in her father's house, the representative of Christianity in his set—the works of Dr. Priestly. These satisfied neither her reason nor the hidden principle of faith within her.

"I thus entered the room, believing Christianity, if true, to be the most glorious and blessed of all things. I quitted it, not indeed believing Christianity to be false, but convinced that I had wholly mistaken its object, its hopes, and sanctions. That Dr. Priestly was a sincerely religious man, it was impossible to doubt. Nevertheless, it is as true that the principles his writings set forth produced on me at this time an evil effect, which total infidelity had never fully achieved; for infidelity I could not altogether accept. His teaching of Christianity I supposed must be true, and I found it wholly unsuitable to my wants, and powerless to assist and sustain. I was isolated and separated from God and man. I felt my heart full of conflicting evil passions, and my soul was prostrate in the midst of enemies stronger than myself. I needed a Saviour, who to human sympathy added Divine strength, to bestow life as well as consolation. I was wholly perplexed amidst intricate doctrines and teachings I was unable to unravel, and precepts I could not definitely understand. Vain was it to me to have revelation put into my hand, unless the Divine Author were himself near to explain it, by the communication of his Holy Spirit of life, love, and knowledge; nor did I only need the truth as set forth by a mere inaccessible lawgiver; but, above all, I needed the love of it, and fervent zeal for it to be kindled in my lonely heart. 'Oh, what a vivifying cordial would it have been, had I then known assuredly that the Good Shepherd had given his life for his sheep!'"—Pp. 254, 255.

She seemed to herself to lose all faith and love; seemed only, for she never ceased to pray, and that with a passion and fervor in her troubles incompatible with real unbelief. She describes herself as fretful and unamiable, eager about trifles as if the only things left to

her, and wavering even in her principle of truth and rectitude. She tells a beautiful story of a temptation under which she now fell, owing to her unprincipled governesses reading bad books before her. She knew her mother would disapprove, yet on one occasion was tempted to carry off in her pocket the interesting story to finish at her leisure. At this crisis her mother arrived suddenly after a long absence—so confident in her eldest daughter's high principle, so certain of her always doing her best! The poor child was in an agony of remorse, longing to produce the book and convict herself, but hindered by circumstances. But an abstract will only spoil the reader's pleasure in the feeling, force, and reality with which the incident is narrated. In the mean while her education proceeded on a much more solid and complete method than we are used to, or than perhaps most women would be the better for. She was a good Latin scholar, and read Virgil with enthusiasm. She had taught herself a little Anglo-Saxon, through which she acquired an interest in the detail of early English history. She understood German, and French was familiarly spoken in the family. In later years she taught herself Hebrew. In all her pursuits she was accustomed to give her full mind to the work. As a child she made charts and tables, architectural models and elaborate drawings. She would even fight with mimic armies the battles she read of, and raise fortifications and earthworks. She was a botanist, mineralogist, and geologist, throwing herself into these sciences with the full energy of her understanding. Her mother made a great point of style, read our best authors with her, taught her to throw all her heart into Pope's Homer, till the conflicting lessons of Sunday and week-day, the heathen code of virtue and the Sermon on the Mount, conflicted strangely in her practical mind. Her mother, who was a fine reader, particularly impressed on her the beauty of our translation of the Bible, of which she seems herself to have been a most careful student. That inspiration which was disputed to the original, was in fact accorded to the translators. All her life certain passages remained in her ear and memory as examples of the sublime; so that we recognize a particular providential value in the majesty of those periods and the sustained subtle music of sentences which in a day of unbelief made for the

truths they conveyed an abiding home in many hearts perplexed with evil suggestions and exposed to false and captious questionings, but who felt a divinity in the teaching which came to them clothed in language of such unapproachable beauty.

The autobiography closes with the year 1793, when its subject was fourteen. It was not written, but dictated to the lady who writes the concluding half of this interesting narrative, a process difficult to most people, implying a mind having strong hold of its resources, and surely a very remarkable exercise to be carried on at the age of seventy-five to seventy-seven. It leaves off at some accidental interruption, the stream of anecdote in full flow; but we believe few self-histories can be carried on beyond early youth, with any fulness, unaided by diaries. The whole is characterized by a very admirable candor and truthfulness; so that, in the midst of the strange deficiencies of her religious education, and the evil influence to which she was exposed, it is impossible not to respect certain prominent principles in her training—that comparative freedom from prejudice which left such spiritual truth as did reach her something like fair play; its healthful development was not blighted by meanness, narrowness, or bitterness; she was always allowed to admire and reverence what seemed noble and good, without warping insinuations to counteract the obvious lesson. The soil was not barren or stony into which fell the good seed, grain by grain; but good ground open to receive it. We do not gather that her mother was ever led away by any touch of the scepticism heard in her circle; there was the firmness and certainty of conviction in her teaching, as far as it went, and we would also notice one practice for which her daughter offers grateful acknowledgment, and which bears upon discussions of our day. We do not adduce the following passage as any argument for habitual confession—the mother and the child bear little real analogy to the confessor and the adult penitent, and it is clear that the mother discontinued her practice on principle as reason grew; but at least it may be a warning against *rejection* of confidence, that hatred of examination by a *rule*, which we see now so passionately enunciated in many quarters.

“Nevertheless, my Sunday instruction was not what it had been before my mother’s illness. She no longer began by a solemn

pause, nor took the Sermon on the Mount, the Commandments, and the Lord’s Prayer, as texts by which, sentence by sentence, to interrogate me on the intentions of my heart, and on my conduct during the week. Possibly she thought that such an examination was more likely to be answered in simplicity and truth by a little child wholly trained by herself, than by the same child in after years. She saw, too, I was timid, and probably thought these questions might be a snare for my integrity, yet in reality this omission deeply pained me. She was the only being in whom I felt a full confidence. Whilst I could never have shown her my feelings, I always could, with perfect fearlessness, tell her my faults, and it was a real unburdening of my soul when she invited me to open my conscience to her. Her directness, her truth, her strength, her magnanimity, supplied me with the support I wanted; and just at this time, when my conscience and views were plunged in chaotic perplexity, I deeply felt being bereft of that aid of which I had now fully learnt the value.

“Parents and instructors often imagine that children do not like the restraint of being advised and spoken to by those older than themselves, but I believe nothing can be a greater mistake. Judging from my own experience, I should say that the most severe sufferings of childhood arise from perplexity of view and uncertainty.”—Pp. 228, 229.

In the Life we pass rapidly from childhood to youth, and are introduced to her as others saw her and thought of her. She appears from the age of fifteen to have been much from home, partly on account of her own delicate health, and a good deal also on her mother’s, who had probably contracted habits of solitude which made her independent of her daughter’s society. Both had been habituated to live much alone, a practice which no doubt tends to bring out all the resources of the mind, and so to strengthen the character, though Mrs. SchimmelPenninck considers it to have dulled her powers of sympathy.

“I have often deeply regretted in myself the great loss I have experienced from the solitude of my early habits. We need no worse companion than our own unregenerate selves; and, by living alone, a person not only becomes wholly ignorant of the means of helping his fellow-creatures, but is without the perception of those wants which most need help. Association with others, when not on so large a scale as to make hours of retirement impossible, may be considered as furnishing to an individual a rich, multiplied ex-

perience; and sympathy so drawn forth (let it be remembered), though, unlike charity, it begins abroad, never fails to bring back rich treasures home. Association with others is useful also in strengthening the character, and in enabling us, while we never lose sight of our main object, to thread our way wisely and well."—P. 179.

Bearing upon this point, we have been told that, full and attractive as her conversation was, it had the fault, so common with clever people failing in social sympathy, of being too much a monologist; she had not the art of drawing out others, and did not seem to study it. Her own powers were stimulated; she exerted *herself* where she wished to give pleasure, and her friends were delighted listeners, but she did not seek a response.

At fifteen or sixteen her strange experiences came to a crisis. She was then on a visit to Margate, "amongst cold, argumentative unbelievers, and profane and immoral persons of genius," whose influence, though "most baneful," was short-lived. For she was soon taken with typhus fever, during which, as it seemed to her, a voice said to her soul, "Seek me with thy whole heart, and thou shalt not seek in vain." Her own inner convictions, combated by external assaults, made themselves felt.

At eighteen she paid a visit to her cousins, the Gurneys of Earham, and formed a warm friendship with Catherine Gurney, sister of Mrs. Fry. The minds of these young people seem to have been in much the same stage of inquiry, and the pursuit of general knowledge was as eager in both. One of her recollections of this time says:—

"I think I have often spoken to you of my visits to Earham. On one occasion I remember they had all gone to Meeting, and I remained at home. In their absence I walked up and down the gallery at Earham, where were a great many portraits of the Bacon family, from the thirteenth century [?], and I began to think, "What was the purpose of the existence of these men? Where are they now that they have passed from earth?" So on my cousin's return, when she joined me in the gallery, I said to her: "I am twenty, thou art twenty-five: and what is the end of our existence? I am resolved most thoroughly to examine and discover for myself whether the Bible be true: and, if it is," I added, in the folly and ignorance of my heart, "I shall instantly do all that is commanded in it; and if not, I shall think no more on the subject," and I prayed, if there were a God to hearken,

that he would reveal himself to me."—Pp. 295, 296.

In this darkness and perplexity the cousins were aided by Mr. Pitchford, a Roman Catholic gentleman, to whom she was ever after in the habit of attributing some of the first distinct rays of spiritual truth she received.

She now spent two or three seasons at Bath with the celebrated Miss Hamilton; she was also on terms of familiar friendship with Mrs. Barbauld; a good deal with friends in London, where she entered into society without, as we see, any adoption of Quaker peculiarities. We are glad to have some idea given of her personal appearance in her youth.

"A few years ago a lady who mixed in these circles, and who had known the subject of this memoir from early life, described her to me as she then appeared. I cannot resist giving my readers the picture she drew of her young companion, when taking her to a public assembly; I think it was a concert. 'She was dressed with perfect simplicity; and, as was the fashion of that day, she wore a gold band round her head, her dark brown hair clustering in rich profusion over and around it: the color on her clear cheek heightened by the scene, she looked beautiful, her simple dress in perfect keeping with her countenance of rare intellectual beauty. As they entered the room, every eye was attracted by her appearance; and the young Mary Anne, with the unfeigned modesty which then as ever characterized her, was probably the only one in that large assembly who was unconscious of the sensation she occasioned.'—Pp. 305, 306.

Some curious letters of advice from her mother, about this time on manners, and deportment in society, let us into what were her peculiarities, and how the habit of tracing all things to their principles influenced her conversation. It is amusing to see so dignified a mother instructing her daughter to learn to talk on trifles,—and very good advice, too, in this particular case:—

"In the first place, then, I beg you will consider this journey as a lesson which is to teach prudence and circumspection. I hope that, if a great many young gentlemen resort to the house in the Crescent, you will learn how to behave upon such occasions; not to do too much or too little; not to lay aside established forms, or to practise the starched prude. If young men are present, talk to them as much as you please, but always sit in the circle with the ladies.

"Above all things enter into no investigations with anybody; no abstruse speculations, no referring to principles in common conversation, unless your opinion be asked; and then give it clearly *once*; but make no effort to maintain or enforce it, unless some wise and older person lead the way to an argument; and then put an end to it as soon as you can with a jest. . . . Talk about matters of fact. Surely there are follies enough in the world to supply conversation, without referring to reason upon every occasion. Expatriate upon the weather, upon the journey, upon the fashions, upon the faces of people you see; in short, upon all you see or hear, but say very little about what you think, and take care to think as little as you can help."—Pp. 299, 300.

When about three or four and twenty, while staying at Bath with her parents, she first became acquainted with the Moravians, with whom her later life was passed in fellowship. Weak in health, torn with the doubts which had so many years rankled in her intellect, and destroyed her peace, she describes herself as sunk in the lowest despondency. On one occasion her mother, going to the Pump Room, left her in a bookseller's shop, where the multitude of books around her, contrasted with the unsatisfied craving for the one true knowledge; affected her to tears. While in this condition, she was observed by a pleasing young woman sitting near her, who in a sweet and gentle voice asked if she could do any thing for her.

"Oh!" I replied, 'can you do any thing for a wounded spirit, who knows not where nor how to obtain peace?' She paused for a moment, and then said: 'There are many kinds of misery which try the hearts of men, but for them all there is one only remedy, the Lord Jesus Christ.'—Pp. 308, 309.

In the course of conversation this lady, who was a "Laboress" in the Moravian community, offered to read the Scriptures with her at stated times, an offer she could not accept, as she knew her family would not approve. A few days after her parents left Bath, and as her health required her longer stay, took a lodging for her in a respectable family, with whom she might occasionally associate. She left all passively to their management, and was not a little moved when the first voice that greeted her in her new home was that of her unknown friend. She had fallen amongst Moravians, who received her with a gentleness and sympathy that won her heart.

"While I remained with this family, I used to read the Scriptures with Miss Tucker, and I came to know the Lord. They used to speak to me of his love; and oh! how kind they were to me! I can never forget it; for I used to blurt out my wild thoughts in a way I am sure I should not like a person to do to me. Indeed, I one day said to them: 'It surprises me very much that you should be so kind to me; for you cannot like me; I am so disagreeable.' They replied, 'You mistake; it is not your being agreeable or disagreeable that we regard, we look upon you as a field our Lord has given us to cultivate, and we do not ask if there are few or many weeds; besides "when we were yet sinners, Christ loved us."'"—P. 310.

When she returned home she resumed family habits, and went to Meeting as usual, devoting herself to a deeper study of Scripture, and making her first attempts at authorship. Ladies did not slip into this exercise as easily then as they seem to do now. Her mother at first dissuaded her from it, on motives which never actuate anybody now, regarding it as a profession entailing labor and responsibility, and to which her health was not equal. There are interesting extracts from her journal at this time, both at home and when she returns to her Moravian friends at Bath, implying much thought and mental conflict; but every religious biography has its hiatuses, its blanks at important points of the history, which throw us off the scent as it were, and leave us to our own unassisted discrimination for a solution—occasions where the narrative, so far from affording any clue, rather misleads us. So we must own this story gives us no reason whatever why Mrs. SchimmelPenninck married Mr. SchimmelPenninck. There is nothing to lead up to the fact. One page we leave her immersed in religious contemplation—fancy free, as it seems; the next she is indissolubly united to this scion of a noble Dutch family, brother of a Stadtholder in Holland. Whether there had been time to discover all the affinities our ideal claims for this relation, or whether, as we rather suspect, it was a very sudden affair—possibly not the first in which *her* feelings had been engaged—we are not informed. Mrs. Hannah More, however, spoke for the family being intellectual; which satisfied some of Mrs. Galton's requirements, and the match seems to have met with general acquiescence. We are not told what were the husband's religious views, but the same

voucher, while saying that her mode of thinking differed materially from his, felt confident of his being a religious worthy man; and he is spoken of as well informed and interested in some favorite pursuits. One qualification he possessed, "a proud delight in his richly-endowed wife," which no doubt adapted him for one trained in Quakerism, where women naturally take the lead: a position which we cannot but suspect fell in very well with the good lady's ideas and habits; and the union, which lasted nearly thirty years, seems to have been a very happy one. He in every way conformed to her wishes, and she was a good, faithful help and counsellor in the pecuniary troubles which soon came upon them from the disorder of his affairs. It was this conjuncture which led to the unfortunate money difficulty with her family, which resulted in her total estrangement from them. Whatever her grief at this rejection, she never allowed poverty, of which there are vague hints, and altered circumstances, to affect her happiness, and she knew both how to want and how to abound without the peace of her own inner life being disturbed. We think it likely, from certain allusions, that her notions of housekeeping were at first crude enough. She had to lament that her mother had confined her education to the intellect: she neither knew how to guide a house, nor to use her needle, but set about instructing herself in both accomplishments with laudable energy, and attained, we are assured, to satisfactory results, though her biographer admits not always by ordinary means.

"There was nothing she thought too little to come within the sphere of duty, nothing too minute for a child of God to mark (as she expressed it) with the stamp royal of the Divine character; but these things were done by her with a simplicity, and a bright cheerfulness, which those who knew her cannot fail of recollecting, and which no words could adequately convey to those who knew her not."—P. 360.

It was never her plan to renounce general society. The intellectual reunions at Barr were renewed at a humble distance in her smaller home; and late in life her biographer records the effort she uniformly made to render meal-times intelligently cheerful and amusing by the ample resources of her mind, and her store of anecdote. But we must return to the course of the narrative. The

marriage took place in September, 1806. It was not till 1808 that she came to a decision on her choice of a religious community to which to belong; and it sounds a strange one, for which again we have no preparation. The Moravian body was that to which she leaned, but it appears that its rules require election by *lot* to entire fellowship, and to this she had at that time conscientious scruples. In the mean while the reception of the sacraments, from which her education had hitherto withheld her, pressed upon her conscience. In the difficulty she decided on Wesleyanism, because some of the early Methodist writers had powerfully affected her, and she was finally baptized by a Methodist minister, and received the Holy Communion a fortnight afterwards. She remained in this body ten years, though never quite feeling at home in it, keeping up her intimacy with and affection for the Moravians; till at the end of that time, her scruples about the "lot" overcome by the examples Scripture furnishes of this mode of election, she followed her first aspirations, and became a "sister." There is no doubt that nature did not design her for a Methodist; and a very exceptional member she must have been, frequently refreshing her spirit in the silence of the Friends' Meeting, and in friendly intercourse with Roman Catholics of the old hereditary class, who were naturally anxious to draw her into their communion.

"She had also at this time very frequent intercourse with the late Lady Bedingsfield, and with Mr., afterwards Cardinal, and Mrs. Weld, who then resided at Clifton, and with Sir Thomas Clifford, whom she constantly met at their house. Mrs. SchimmelPenninck retained the highest respect and esteem for these excellent friends, but letters written at this time bear witness that she was enabled to resist the most strenuous efforts made by them to bring her over to their communion."—P. 366.

The Moravians are not a controversial body. The quiet tenor of their course would assimilate them with that form of religion she had loved in her grandfather, while her Catholic sympathies found a home in the ecclesiastical order, their creeds and liturgy,—which she found to suit her individual case, and no doubt her taste,—far better than extempore prayer,—and their observance of ecclesiastical seasons; all uniting her as she trusted with the

universal Church throughout the world, with which her spirit craved to be in peace and invisible fellowship.

We may gather from slight indications that the section of our Church with which she came in contact did not meet in the same degree these sympathies. She was repelled by the violent language of ultra-Protestantism, and knew its injustice in particular instances. She could not admire its hero-worship and tendency to be led by favorite preachers; her ear quarrelled with a certain tone of voice prevalent in serious circles; and religious loquacity, and all the conventionalisms which grow out of partisanship and exclusive association, were repugnant to her whole temperament. Not that any of this is expressed with asperity, and probably it did not interfere with free intercourse with the Evangelical party, but it would be enough to check any leaning towards a church which she would regard, and would be permitted by them to regard, as only one out of many denominations open to her choice. To illustrate these observations we find her thus contrasting the religious intercourse of her childhood with that of a later date:—

"Never can I sufficiently express my deep obligation to the Friends I met at my grandfather's. They did not, indeed, bring forward dogmatic truth, as I have heard so many do since; possibly there was not enough of this; but still further were they removed from the irreverent habit of bandying about the most sacred truths as subjects of superficial and colloquial discussion. Deep and reverent was their feeling that the truth of God can only be taught to the heart of man by the Spirit of God; hence they lived the truth instead of talking about it."—P. 46.

On her final decision in favor of the Moravians, she says:—

"During this period, too, I had seen much of the so-called religious world, and all I saw without, as well as all I had experienced within, convinced me more and more of man's utter emptiness and of our Saviour's all-sufficient fulness, and made me long to flee to some asylum among brethren who should have experienced, like myself, that men are nothing, and that 'Christ is all in all.'"—Pp. 367, 368.

Of Lady Powerscourt's letters, which she enjoyed for their sincerity, she writes to a friend:—

"How truly blessed a person she was! Sometimes, indeed, you detect what I should

call the religious fashions and questions of the day, which I think not agreeable; but then you constantly see, cropping from under all, the Rock of Ages; and she expresses sentiments, and details experiences, which she has learnt not from men, but from our Lord himself. This it is which gives such deep value to her book, though it is not without many light or trivial expressions, and commonly repeated phrases, which one wishes omitted, and yet even these, perhaps, add to the appearance of genuineness; they exhibit the earthen vessel containing the treasure of God."—P. 396.

More strongly she marks her sense of the temper of certain professors, as in the following comparison:—

"It is almost impossible," she says, "to convey to you an idea how interesting, and yet how unlike any other place, is this remarkable country. The only bad thing I have seen is the roads, and they are just like many ultra-Evangelical persons, very sound in the main, but of such bad and grating tempers that you are tormented at every step you take with them."—P. 370.

In her visit to Cornwall, she meets a lady apparently well known in religious circles; and thus pleasantly describes her interviews:—

"She is a lady, I suppose, about fifty; in appearance something between two very different persons—Miss Tucker, our late Moravian Laboress, and your former sentimental friend, Mrs. F. She has a most benevolent countenance; her dress is rather a worldly dress, stripped and shorn, than a plain dress, which I think has not an agreeable effect. Her manner is most kind, and all she says is good, though I think she has acquired a slight shade of that wailing tone, so common, I know not why, amongst some Evangelical people, which is not according to my taste. She is, however, a very excellent person, universally well spoken of, entirely devoted to a mother ninety-four years of age, whom she never leaves. . . . She was most obliging, yet I should have enjoyed her company more, if we had not been at cross purposes the whole time.

"I being very much bent on mineralogy, and knowing S. Michael's Mount to be a most celebrated place for minerals, and having but this hour, was longing to know all about them, whereas Miss — also, having but this hour with a Bristol person, was intent on hearing the biography of all the Bristol reputed saints, so that our conversation was much as follows:—

"Miss —.—"You enjoy a great and unspeakable privilege, Madam, in being situated where you can so constantly have the advan-

tage of sitting under Mr. —'s ministry, and conversing with so many persons sound in doctrine."

"M. A. S.—"Many persons of your Church, I believe, esteem it much. But what a delightful situation you have so near S. Michael's Mount, the richest place in England for specimens of minerals; many exhibiting such peculiarly good examples of perfect crystalline formations."

"Miss ——"Do you know the Honorable Miss Powys and Lady Southampton and the Miss Buchans?"

"M. A. S.—"I have occasionally met them.—Pray have you collected many specimens of the topazes, amethysts, chalcedony, and tin ore, for which the Mount is so celebrated? or can you tell me where I can meet with them?" etc., etc., etc.

"Miss ——"talking like Christian in "Pilgrim's Progress," and I like Mammon in Milton's "Paradise Lost." Thus we went on, *à tort et à travers*, till half-past one, when Miss — kindly took me to John Barclay's, where we were to dine."—Pp. 382, 383.

This strain of conversation happened to jar particularly upon all the interests excited by the locality, to which her heart was open, from the pleasure of finding herself with her cousins the Barclays, and with Friendly associations around her. Cut off from her own family, the tie of relationship was all the more appreciated, and her soul expands under the influence into a comprehensive benevolence, of which the following is a characteristic example. She writes of Penzance churchyard:—

"This churchyard opens into a vast burial-ground, whose wide extent and crowded monumental tablets almost make it seem, not like the cemetery of a country town, but like one vast city of the dead. This is the burial-ground of strangers, and has from time immemorial engulfed the succeeding multitudes sent here, from all quarters of Europe, in the delusive hope of restoration from this mild, summer-like climate. Names, not only from every part of England, but from Germany, Holland, from France—nay, many from Rome, had here found an early grave; and as I looked on this vast mortuary field, containing names from so many nations and kindreds and tongues, who had here sought bodily health, I could not help feeling a prayer rise in my heart that they might be found in that vast assembly gathered from the east and west and north and south, who have sought that true health which, at the Great Physician's hands, shall never be sought in vain."—Pp. 378, 379.

And from this scene she proceeds all at

once to the Quaker Meeting at Marazion, and enjoys the phalanx of silk bonnets and broad-brim hats which surround her. On her arrival there she is equally impressed, finding, amidst the stiff formality which doubtless to inexperienced eyes would characterize the scene, points really suggestive of keen emotions.

"As the Meeting gathered, the effect to me was most striking. The deep silence, interrupted only by the rushing of the wind and the monotonous roar of the waves upon the shore; the persons before me, and especially M.F.,—whom I had so often seen in Bath, gay, and adorning such different society; and as I looked upon her countenance, oh! how in an instant, as in Mr. Crabbe's "Parting Hour," did I feel the work of years, and as in his poem the power of God is exhibited in tearing away the gay visions of earth, so here immediately gushed upon the heart his goodness and his power in substituting for them the enjoyment of heaven. . . .

" . . . The door of the Meeting was open: in the deep stillness my eye rested upon the sods which covered the graves of Edwin Price, Georgiana Barclay, and many of the friends and close relatives of those sitting around; and how wonderful did it seem, as I looked on the party before me, and saw the unbroken and holy religious composure and deep communion resting on so many of their youthful countenances, to think that the tussock of rank grass, the weed and the thistle shivering in the wind, were really waving over the resting-places of those who, scarce two years, who scarce one year ago, were their companions, and who three years ago beamed with youth and health and strength like those I then looked on. I cannot express the profound melancholy I felt as I gazed on their burial-place near this wild and desolate shore."—Pp. 380-382.

In theory she deeply appreciated Gothic architecture; forty years before the study of it had become a fashion, she had sought into its principles, and thought she saw in it a symbolic utterance of scriptural truth. Had she looked on a churchyard through an arch, leading her eyes upward; if somehow her eye could have rested on the symbol of the Cross, the thoughts suggested would not have been those of profound melancholy; the picture of earthly decay would have been counteracted by heavenly hope. But the thoughts in both cases belonged to the scene, and spoke to a heart prepared always to be impressed by realities.

It was previous to these incidents, and some

time before her reception amongst the Moravians, that through Hannah More she was first made acquainted with the writings of the Port Royalists. "They seemed providentially sent to meet the inmost wants of her heart and spirit in this season of outward trial and perplexity," probably arising from pecuniary troubles, and the family dissensions arising from them. She threw herself into them with enthusiasm, and published a succession of works founded upon these and others procured from a Jansenist bishop, with whom she formed acquaintance in a tour she took with her husband immediately after the peace. They created so much interest, that in 1829 the whole were collected and published under the title of "Select Memoirs of Port Royal," a work much read; and through which her name is chiefly known to the public. We are told "she always rejoiced and gave thanks to God that she had been the means of enabling these holy people to speak to this generation." They were henceforth to be her chosen friends and companions, the subject of her daily studies and the delight of her daily life. "She never missed an opportunity of acknowledging the spiritual blessings which it had pleased God to bestow upon her through their instrumentality." About this time, and encouraged by her husband's warm interest in her labors, she produced several works; but with these we are unacquainted: one on "Beauty and Deformity," attempting an answer to the question of, What is the Standard of Beauty? She rewrote, late in life, "the Key to her View," being that "the *tastes* are the extreme ramifications of principles."

Her literary labors, however, were never engrossing. Her time seems always to have been at the service of her friends. We are told she devoted much of it to the poor and to the various charitable objects of Bristol. She taught in the schools, and also assembled young people around her to give lessons in general knowledge, for which her large and accurate fund of information, her peculiar gift in imparting it, and her patience, eminently qualified her. Her biographer adds that her great humility made her ever backward to appear as a religious teacher, though it is clear she did not shrink from such subjects in her instruction. Music, especially the organ, was her constant solace, and she made much use of her talent for drawing.

Indeed, we perceive an energy which allowed no gift to lie neglected or unused. She kept herself "well up" in the literature of the day, and a certain amount of light reading appears to have been a moral necessity. She seems always to have been willing to give her whole mind to the discussion of subjects important to her friends, whether it be the question of education,—which elicited a long and able letter written with all the thought and experience she was mistress of—or phrenology, which drew from her a treatise on temperaments, amusing and full of observation, but probably needing the *instinct* of penetration to be made available—or any scriptural subject on which the extreme industry of her research qualified her to be an authority. To judge from some of her letters, her style was superior; in one instance rising to eloquence. But of this the public are to have an opportunity of judging, as a series of her works is advertised, as following upon the Life. Whatever their value, we may feel sure they will be the honest, independent fruits of her own thought and study. Amongst the epistolary *essays*, as we may call them, the most important is one "On the respective Value of the Catholic and Protestant Principles," which the editor, in a note to the second edition, is sorry to find has given pain to some readers. Her view is that both principles ought to meet in the same Church,—the spirit, that is, of *love*, affiance, adoration, implicit faith, on the one hand, and of sifting investigatory testing on the other, a process *necessary* wherever fallible man is the channel of truth. In it we find this passage:—

"I do frankly own myself to be deeply attached to many Catholic writings; and though I could never join a Church through the corruptions of whose hierarchy the free access to the Scriptures may be interdicted, and where the honor paid to the Saints and to the blessed Virgin is, to use the mildest term, so indiscreet as to approximate to the honor due to God alone; and where the necessary practice of auricular confession transfers the rule of individual conscience from the word and the Spirit, the true ruler of the Church, to the hands of man; though I could by no means unite in submission to such a corrupt dominant hierarchy; I yet own I highly value the largeness and expanse of the doctrines of that Church, the ample room and help it affords for the abundant carrying out of every varied Christian leading, whether mystic, contemplative, intellectual, mechanical, or labori-

ous. Yet I am conscious I value it not only for the good I truly think it actually possesses, enhanced, perhaps, by the prestige of its antiquity, and historic and picturesque claim on the taste; but I likewise do so by my affections being drawn forth towards it from early association; nay, I think, more than that, from its having been the channel through which our Lord himself has often sent his blessing when no other was open to me."—Pp. 415, 416.

Upon this we may remark, that Roman Catholicism from childhood came to her in its least aggressive form, and through persons who would not only not obtrude on her its more startling dogmas, but who would keep them in the background in their own minds, and contemplate most and be most actuated by those truths which devout Christians hold in common, and which once impressed by them on her mind, she had never to change or modify. We do not find she ever encountered any modern converts, who, as we understand, are apt to found all their teaching on the more extreme opinions they have brought themselves with much difficulty to hold; and certainly she would have felt no affinity with them.

Nearly twenty years before her death, Mrs. SchimmelPenninck was taken with a paralytic seizure. Her health had always been weak and suffering, and henceforth, though she recovered from the attack, it left her a permanent invalid, and almost entirely precluded her attendance at public worship. We find her thus looking back upon the observance of seasons:—

"I have ever thought it a blessed privilege of the little Church to which I belong, to be called in an especial manner to enter into this season, so full of heart-affecting memorials of the love of our Lord; when those who love him share the deep sufferings and rich blessings of his cross, and in which we follow him day by day, and almost hour by hour, from the supper at Bethany to his resurrection. Some of the most happy hours of my life have been spent in our little chapel, in Passion Week, and how many seasons of strength, refreshment, and sweet remembrance are associated with her morning and evening meditations, and with her Easter Morning services; and though I can no longer attend them, it is delightful to follow them in spirit."—Pp. 430, 431.

Her affectionate biographer, who formed one of her family, speaks of the spirit in which she bore the sufferings to which failing

health exposed her. She never lost the lesson her mother taught her in bearing pain. Many of her sayings on this subject, on the duty not only of bearing but of cheerfully accepting the discipline, are very striking from their vivid reality and that sincerity which gives a value to every thing she does and says.

But our appreciation of this original and attractive portrait has already carried us beyond the limits such a subject seems to warrant. If our readers have felt the attraction, we can only refer them to the work itself, which contains many subjects of interest on which we have not touched, thinking it best to confine ourselves to those points which illustrate a remarkable character formed under remarkable circumstances. One extract we must still indulge in, and that a long one, because it furnishes an evidence of the unity as well as progress of her course. There is something to us very beautiful in such a retrospect; it suggests a picture of serene and venerable old age, which more than bears out all that we here read of it, and speaks as much for the course as for the goal when attained. Many noble qualities must combine to preserve, or even enhance, the power of expression to that period of life when the bodily vigor fails, on which so much of our mental force depends. The single eye, the light of love, the conscientious cultivation of the talents committed to us, and habitual self-government, have worked together, wherever we see an old age at once wise and vigorous in thought and eloquent in words. The following letter to the friend of her youth, Mrs. Catherine Gurney, written on receiving intelligence of an illness which soon after ended in death, is surely as remarkable a composition for the harmony of its periods as for its clear strain of elevated thought and its glow of faith and thanksgiving. What are called religious letters are not often to our taste. They are generally didactic effusions, the destination of which the writer need not to determine till he arrives at the address. This letter was prompted by friendship, and could have been written to none other than her whose death-bed it came to cheer:—

"MY VERY DEAR CATHERINE,—It was only last night that I received Mrs. Cresswell's letter, and oh! how shall I describe the feelings with which I read it? All Earlham once more lived before me, and through

the haze of long past years, the tints almost seemed more vivid than those of youth, yet with deep pathos and heart-affecting memories, the store and precious treasury of age.

"My very dear Catherine, well do I remember the time when together we entered the pilgrimage of human responsible life. And now that road is travelled, which once in prospect seemed an interminable vista, although in looking back, life is but as a tale that is told; and we both, in far different scenes, but still united in one deep heart and spirit, now stand upon the verge awaiting our call into that life where so much of our earthly, as well as heavenly, treasure is laid up, and where our Father is not only waiting to bless us with his own presence, but has prepared so sweet a welcome for us from so many we dearly loved, who are gone before.

"My dear Catherine, my heart seems still to cling to the remembrance of the beloved past, even in the nearing rays of the brighter future. Dost thou remember how often for hours we have walked up and down the drawing-room or ante-room, or sat in thy room or mine, talking of the destiny of man, his hopes, his powers, his duties; and reasoning, as best we might, from our own stores, or Mr. Search's, or others, upon a theme where all reason must fail, and where revelation can alone teach? Yet were not those sweet hours unblest or unproductive, since they effectually taught us that man does know, and can know, nothing of the centre of all truth, if untaught by God. They were the strainings of the soul upwards, the beating of the eagle imprisoned in his cage of earth against the bars of his prison. How did we go on vainly wandering in a chaos of doubts, and involving ourselves in a labyrinth of speculation, till the same God, who at first caused light to arise amid the darkness, shone into our hearts to give us the knowledge of his truth and light and love, in the face of Jesus Christ! How shall we sufficiently thank him! He taught us the darkness and emptiness of our hearts, and then he illuminated that darkness, and satisfied that hunger. He taught us in measure to trust him, and oh! how has he repaid that trust by overflowing fulfilment!

"We sought light from reason, the candle lighted up by man for time. He bade us find it in revelation, the sunbeam kindled by God, enlightening for eternity as well as time. Truly have we experienced that there is light in the evening.

"Has not our Lord led us through all the steps of our pilgrimage, even now, until its close? We began in doubt, we end in certainty; we began by opinion, we end by experience; we began in conflict, we end in peace. Oh! shall we not end in joyful

thanksgiving: and, when we compare the past with the present, feel that his gracious love and unmerited mercy have indeed encompassed us with songs of deliverance! . . .

" . . . My dear Catherine, how love, divine and human, are the only two goods, communion with God, communion through him with our fellow-men; most and closest with him, next closest to that part of his Church with which he has seen fit to link us, in his providence, as helpers. And truly, as all real love has its root in God, so it is eternal. Those whom Jesus loved, he loved to the end; and those who love in him, love unto the end likewise; for God is eternal, and all that is rooted in him partakes of the permanence of that eternity. And I believe that till we are in eternity, we shall neither fully know what we are to our Lord himself individually, nor what we are to Him as instruments to effect his purposes. For all the seed of the kingdoms has life in itself, and goes on increasing, germinating, budding, blossoming, and sending forth fresh shoots, through all our life; so that we often do not know half the value and importance of a truth till very many years after the voice from whose lips we first heard it, sounds no more on earth. Mr. Pitchford, thy dear sister Mrs. Fry, the Moravians at Bath, and many others have uttered truths, scattered seeds in my heart and mind, the full import of which, after nearly half a century, I am yet daily learning more of, and how great an unpaid debt of grateful love we owe to all our friends; yea, and to all our enemies too; for we owe most to those who have most often been the means of sending us to our Lord.

"And now, my ever dearly loved friend, God bless thee abundantly for all thy manifold kindness to me. May he repay thee an hundredfold. May he write deeply on our hearts all that has been according to his mind in our friendship, and pardon and blot out all that has been contrary to it; and may both the sweetness, and the discipline, be of the all things which, by all means and always, work together for our good. Bear me, thy old and early friend, on thy heart, as I deeply and affectionately bear thee on mine. And now, farewell! May our Lord ever hear thy prayer; and may he enlarge our hearts, enlarge us when we are in distress. The Lord will hear, for his dear Son's sake, when we call upon him. We may commune in peace with our own hearts upon our beds; for he has said, "Peace, be still," to the billows that once conflicted there; and, instead of the enemy (the self-tormenter, Psalm viii.), the Comforter abides there. We may offer a sacrifice of righteousness, for he has provided it. He will lift up the light of his countenance upon us. He has put gladness into our hearts

more than into that of the children of this earth in their increase. For our corn is the bread from heaven, even angels' food; our wine, his cordial and faithful promises, and the communion of his life-giving blood; and our oil we believe to be the unction of the Holy One, which leads into all truth, and takes of the things of him we love and shows them to us.

"O my dear Catherine, let us in conclusion, with heart and soul and spirit, say at the end of our course, "I will both lay me down in peace, and sleep: for thou, LORD, only makest me dwell in safety." "As for me, I will behold thy face in righteousness: I shall be satisfied, when I awake, with thy likeness."

"The Spirit and the Bride of Christ say, Come! Let every one that heareth, answer Come! Amen. Come, Lord Jesus; come, we implore thee: with longing hearts we now are waiting for thee. Come soon; oh come!

"My very dear friend, farewell. Bear me on thy heart and spirit, as I do thee. Ever, in true and deep affection,

"Thine from early youth to hoary hairs,

"M. A. SCHIMMELPENNINCK."

And here we must conclude our notice. Perhaps some apology is needed for our tone of sympathy towards one whose liberality sometimes verges on latitudinarianism. Possibly we should have expressed ourselves more strongly on the point, if it were a common fault in religious female writers. But in fact this tone is so new amongst them, and the other of dogmatism, without the learning needful to give weight to the judgment, so common, that we have allowed ourselves to yield to the charm of so agreeable a change. Those whose lot is thrown where the prevailing dogmatism is not to their mind, where the zeal, whenever it is shown, takes a direction opposed to their sympathies, learn to value moderation even at the cost of some precise statements of truth and formal abjuration of error. Accustomed to see persons and parties launch into denunciations because it is expected of them, because they could not take a certain standing without it, they warm to the absence of the grim conventionalism. One lesson, we think, the book teaches,—that there can be no duty in expressing emotions we do not feel, in assuming an indignation which does not stir us, in seeming angry because people will respect our zeal. There can

never be any harm in *waiting* where the question is a severe judgment. Perhaps, nay, probably, if we were better informed, we should feel it in certain cases, but if we do not, let us keep the peace till we do. Abuse and harsh judgments are such formidable weapons, are apt to do such harm to those, even the most experienced, who use them, that without strong conviction, independent thought, and mature conclusions, we may let them alone. Because one man who *has* thought, who has seen mischief, who has traced out danger, allows himself in violent language towards practices and even persons, let not others who have *not* thought, have seen nothing for themselves, know nothing but at second-hand, think it incumbent on them to join the cry: and yet how many fewer anathemas we should hear if this plan were followed, if only those judged who had material for judging, only those condemned who understood the question, only those pronounced a decision who had studied the case. Where would be our party demonstrations, our monster meetings, if people never showed a zeal till it actuated them, nor wielded the sword of controversy till they knew what they were fighting for? Mastering and then acting upon particular truths, or Truth as a whole, often leads men to such clear views as to end in keen, as well as just, perception of the errors of others. Let such speak with severity—it is their duty, a task incumbent upon them; but vehemence without knowledge, anger without investigation, are carnal weapons in whatever cause wielded; they begin in self-deceit and will surely end in still further obscuring the truth. Therefore, let every one keep silence, even from what he supposes good words, if they involve harsh censure, until he feels them; and if he feels them as he ought to do, where *persons* are concerned, he will find the duty so painful a one, that he will not exceed in the practice of it as those do who, leaving the responsibility of proof to others, learn to find the stimulus pleasant in itself, while, at the same, it advances them in the popular estimation. Wherever this work excites interest and attention, it will act as a check on this prevailing temper, and as such we believe it to have a distinct use and value.

From Chambers's Journal.

OUR COUSIN ALICE.

I HAD certainly not recovered from the effects of the severe wounds received in the battles fought between Cawnpore and Lucknow, when I met again, after four years of separation, my cousin Alice. My brain must have been less steady than usual; and it was perhaps a little turned by my being regarded as the hero of the little world, formed by the county families and early friends, who met to congratulate me on my return to England from the seat of war in the east. I ought to have had a mother to nurse me, but I had none. I was an orphan. Yet it was to the house which, in my father's lifetime, had been my home that I came back.

There was the great down, wooded nearly to the summit, which I remembered so well, where the coursing meetings used to be held. I could scarcely believe as I entered the drawing-room before dinner, that the same party which had so often assembled for the great gatherings on Marley Down, were not drawn to the place now for the same purpose. But other customs prevailed. My young cousin, Sir Reginald Moore, was no sportsman. The sleek greyhounds had all disappeared; I missed them sorely. The old squire—my grandfather—had been dead more than a twelvemonth. His youngest and favorite son—my own parent—had gone before him to the grave. Our present host, the representative of the family, was a fair, pensive-looking youth of five-and-twenty, fond of poetry, accomplished, handsome, but with scarcely nerve enough to fire off a gun.

Our fair cousin, Alice Verschoyle, had always been a subject for contention between us. We had been jealous of her smiles in boyhood; as men, we were still more covetous of her favor. Through all the Crimean battles, and 'neath the burning Indian sun in the perilous march with Havelock, and while I lay prostrated by illness after that fierce time of conflict was past, I had worn her picture next my heart. The case had turned away a ball that would else have pierced it.

There had been no avowed betrothal between us when we parted, but her fair form was pressed unresistingly in my arms, and she wept her long farewell on my shoulder. It was true that she called herself my sister in the letters she wrote to me, but I never

acknowledged the relationship. Nothing but poverty stood between us then; and now, I had risen in my profession. If I found her still in the same humor, and willing to share the vicissitudes of a soldier's lot, I meant to make her my bride. As I looked at her across the table—for we were not seated near each other—and saw a deep flush mount to her face beneath my ardent gaze, I believed that she would not refuse my petition.

Perhaps she thought me vain, for every one was calling upon me to tell the tale of our Indian battles. She did not look at me; her eyes were quite averted: but other women were weeping as I spoke of the noble patience of those heroic ladies, whose names will live in history for their gallant endurance of suffering at Lucknow. I had seen those pale victims, some widowed, some orphans, all most deeply tried by the privations and anxieties of those long months of waiting before the heavy boom of the guns told them that our brave English soldiery were advancing to their rescue.

Can I ever forget that midnight evacuation? The dread silence, the long lines of troops, the awful intervals, where all our care could not prevent danger, through which those half-fainting women and their brave but exhausted defenders had to pass. Thank Heaven! all went well—that no accident, no untimely panic marred the plans of our gallant chief. Our triumph would have been scant if one of that heroic band had perished on their way to freedom!

Reginald had written some verses on the subject, which Alice had set to music. I had not seen a tear in her bright eyes previously, but they coursed each other down her cheeks as she sang my young cousin's words. I do not remember what they were, but I thought them scarcely worthy of the subject, and certainly undeserving of the precious drops they called forth.

A window was open near me, and I was out upon the terrace before the song was ended. It was dark; and a couple of persons who were seated on one of the benches set against the wall, were talking earnestly, and did not perceive me. I heard a lady's voice say:—

"When her mourning for her grandfather is laid aside, Miss Verschoyle will marry her cousin. Sir Reginald has one of the finest

estates in this county. It will be an excellent match for her, and has been long contemplated by the family."

It was, nevertheless, the first time such a thought had entered my mind, and I was one of Alice's nearest relatives—too near, some persons might consider, for us to think of marrying; but, if it were so, the same objection applied to Reginald: we were all first cousins to each other.

At that moment, there was a stir in the drawing-room, a lady had fainted. I saw her borne out, and the fair head with its long sweeping curls of golden brown, which had once rested so confidently on my shoulder, was now supported by another arm. It was Alice and Reginald. I did not stay to look at them; one word from his lips reached me. I saw the look of intense agony on his fair face, so like her own, as he bent over the insensible girl. In one moment I knew that he loved her. I could not wait to see her eyes open. I had stood fire many times, but I had not courage to face the conviction that first glance of reviving consciousness might bring to me, that the passion I read in the dreaming boy's eyes and voice was returned.

I believe I was half mad when I rushed away. I had travelled night and day to meet her; as I have said, I had not recovered from the effects of the injury I had sustained during the street-fighting at Lucknow; when, in addition to severe wounds, the beam of a falling house had descended on my head, completely stunning me; and but for the gallantry of my comrades, I should have been left for dead, at the mercy of our savage foes—and now I had seen her in the arms of another. I had heard her lips repeat his musical words; nay, I had seen her very senses forsake her under the spell of emotions raised by what appeared to me to be paltry commonplace lines. As I stood in the large hall where we had all three played as children, to which as a man I had so often pictured my return, the bitterest mortification took possession of my soul. For the first time I remembered how inferior was my social position to that of my cousin. I, a mere soldier of fortune, who must return to a burning climate, and a country on which henceforward women will look with dread and aversion; while all around me, bathed in moonlight, from the high windows of that noble hall hung with trophies of the chase and the banners of our

ancestors, I saw the wide domain which belonged to the young baronet. Those were his deer trooping under the trees. The magnificent cedars grouped in the midst of the dewy lawn, the spreading elms and beeches, the majestic oaks,—all belonged to that beardless boy. What were a few years of manhood, a few daring deeds which had won for me the rewards which a soldier covets—the medals and crosses at which she had scarcely glanced—compared to his advantages!

As I went up the stairs, each step awoke painful recollections. We had come down them together on the morning when I left home to rejoin my regiment, then just ordered on active service. Here, at the landing we paused long, while she gave me her picture, and, after some hesitation, the chain of golden hair that still supported it. Had it been woven for me; Alice would not confess, but she did not deny the fact. I had always believed that it was so.

As I stood looking down into the lighted hall two persons came into it together. Alice seemed well, and scarcely to need the support of Reginald's arm, on which she was leaning. I heard him say:—

"Is it so, Alice? Have you quite decided? Will you never repent, and wish to draw back from the words you have spoken to-night?"

He took her hand and looked in her fair face with mournful tenderness. I did not wait to hear her answer. I could not control myself sufficiently to move away quietly. As I looked down upon them for the first time, I saw that Alice had started from her companion, and was gazing upward; I even fancied that she called me, but I did not return or answer her. Better for all of us would it have been if I had heeded that sweet warning voice.

I rushed to my room at once, and for hours I walked up and down, passion swelling within me like the surging sea. Then for a short time my mood changed, my suspicions seemed unfounded; I recalled Alice's joy at seeing me again; the soft, broken words of delight she had uttered when I came upon her by surprise in the park; our long, pleasant walk together, so full of old recollections and present confidences. If no plighted vows had been exchanged, it was because we both had long known that we were pledged to each other. The words I had heard on the

terrace now seemed to me idle gossip, mere nonsense. The morning would bring her again before me, bright, beautiful, and truthful as ever. For an instant, the demon of jealousy stood rebuked; but again and again he returned, maddening my already fevered brain and overworked frame, till every nerve quivered with excitement.

The same images haunted me when, at last, I lay down, exhausted by fatigue, but deeming it impossible to sleep, just as a dull, gray haze spread over the landscape, obscuring the moonlight which was soon to give place to the dawn. The last thing that I remember was the swaying of the fir-tops, as the old trees opposite to my open window rocked to the blast.

When I woke, it was broad daylight. The sun was shining in, tempered by silken hangings, that waved in the fresh breeze. A part of each of the shutters was closed, and the room, considering that the morning was so brilliantly fine out of doors, was somehow shaded and darkened. I very faintly recollected the train of ideas which had so tortured me ere I lay down, but an impatient feeling such as might visit a sufferer from long sickness or a prisoner, assailed me. I tried to start up from my couch, but a strange feeling of weakness like what I had experienced when I was first wounded, came over me, and I fell back again.

As I moved, a woman-servant stepped forward quickly, and in gentle, measured tones, spoke to me. I did not understand a word of what she said; a mist came before my eyes, her voice rang indistinctly in my ears, a horrible, sickening dread came over me, images of horror seemed to fill the room, and I fainted. When I revived, my mind was clear; the spectral forms which had flashed across my vision became distinct, and I recognized them as shapes in a dream. I felt that I was ill and weak, and as I, the once strong man, lay prostrate, incapable of moving, I thanked my God for the helplessness which it might be had saved me from such guilt as in the visions of the night had been mine.

I do not know whether at the moment any one was watching by me. The person or persons in the room, if it were so, must have been very quiet, for not a sound disturbed me as I recalled the images which had been present with me in that fevered dream. The room I was in was one that I knew well, and

outside the window ran a narrow ledge of ornamental stone work, which went along the entire front of that old house. It was barely wide enough to step upon, yet I fancied that I had walked the whole length of it in safety, till in my dream I came to my cousin Reginald's room. He was now the master of the house, and slept in what had once been my grandfather's apartment. When I was a boy, the kind old man had had an illness, during which my mother nursed him; and the severest reprimand I ever received from her was when one of the servants told her that Master Hubert had got upon the stone ledge outside his window, and tried to walk round to one that opened into the chamber where she was sitting up with the invalid. My father said then that it was a thing impossible to be done, but in my dream I fancied that I had achieved it.

My cousin was a painter as well as a poet, and the room in which I imagined him lying was full of indications of his tastes, which were all gentle and refined. A half-finished picture stood on an easel, at which he must have been gazing before he fell asleep. It was Alice reading a letter, with a bright flush of happiness and warm love in her face. A small but beautiful statue, modelled after some old classic ideal of loveliness, but with her features, stood on a table at his elbow. He was stretched on a couch, still dressed as I had, seen him, calm, but with the melancholy expression which was habitual to him. His delicate, aristocratic features and pale complexion which looked yet whiter in the lamplight, were almost feminine in their regular beauty. I do not know what disturbed his slumbers, for all passed dreamlike in silence; but he woke, and, rising up, appeared to come forward to close the window at which I was standing. The ledge was so narrow, that it seemed to me a touch would throw me off my balance, and precipitate me many fathoms to the paved court below. The instinct of self-preservation, mingled with a strong antagonistic feeling, arose within me as my rival approached. I grasped the stanchion of the window, and sprang into the room.

Some kind of misty, indistinct recollections came next of a conflict between us, in which passes were made, the statuette was thrown down, and the canvas of the picture pierced through with the sharp point of the blade enclosed in a sword-stick, which I had

snatched up before leaving the room, and with which I had steadied my footsteps on the giddy ledge. I felt the excitement of battle once more, the fierce rising of blood-thirsty passion. Though no words were exchanged, we seemed to know that we were rivals, and that a death-struggle was passing between us.

How it ended, I knew not. At this point my sleep must have been interrupted, for I remembered no more of my dream, which chilled me as I recalled it. I did not mention it to any human being during my slow recovery, and few words were spoken in my presence. I had been dangerously ill for many weeks, which had passed in the delirium caused by brain fever. My wounds had reopened, and the greatest caution was necessary; above all things, the mention of any agitating topic had been prohibited.

I began to think that my jealous surmises were unfounded, when I woke up night after night and found Alice watching over me. The attendant slumbered in her chair unchidden, while my true love waited upon me. Sometimes her kind, gentle mother would call her away, and say that she overtaxed her strength, but Alice would come back again at the same hour the next night.

The horrid dream which had followed my access of jealous fury returned again and again. I rejoiced that Alice's sweet face was beside my pillow when I woke from it. Nothing evil could remain near her, and the bad spirit was rebuked; but he took possession of my senses in her absence, bringing forever before me that accursed vision.

I thought that the house seemed singularly quiet, and that my nurses were all grave, even sad, in their demeanor; but this was probably occasioned by the precariousness of my situation. Alice, in her white flowing robes, looked almost spectral; but I trusted that, with returning health, I should see her under happier auspices, and, if she grieved for me, her pale, dejected face did not appear less lovely than when she smiled upon me on my return.

No rival came between us now. My sick-chamber was visited only by the physicians, and by those whose especial task it was to wait upon me. Not a breath of what was passing without reached me. I felt surprised that my cousin Reginald, for whom I was once more beginning to entertain affec-

tion, never came to see me; but pride restrained the inquiry which often rose to my lips.

Once, when I casually mentioned his name, Alice looked troubled; a deep shade crossed her fair brow; her bright eyes filled with tears.

"Do not let us speak of any one but ourselves," she said softly. "This is my world. It may be selfishness, but I cannot interest myself in any thing that goes forward outside of these closed doors, till you are well enough to leave this chamber of sickness, and share the pains and pleasures of this changeable world with me. Think how bright every thing looked when you returned from abroad and how little we thought what a day, even an hour, might bring forth!"

I could not quarrel with her answer, though I tried to chase away the tears that followed it, and lead her thoughts to brighter prospects. When I spoke of returning with her to the east, she looked at me sadly. I thought that she doubted whether I should ever recover sufficiently to resume the duties of my profession, though I assured her that I already felt much stronger and better.

"It is not that," she said hesitatingly; "perhaps, Hubert, you will never need to go to India. Do not question me. I ought not to have said even this much; but there have been changes among us since you have been ill. It is so hard to dissemble with you!"

Her mother's entrance prevented the revelation that was quivering on her lips; but my curiosity was roused. The next day I rose, to try my strength, and walked to the window. Of late, the vision had not come so strongly, and I started at seeing the narrow stone ledge exactly as I had imagined it to be. I fancied myself still dreaming; and tired by this slight exertion, I crept back to my couch.

It was midwinter; the park was deep in snow; the stream that traversed the lower part of the grounds was frozen, and long icicles hung from the eaves, before my strength was sufficiently restored for me to leave my room. Even then, my first appearance was a surprise to the family. I had not mentioned my intention: and the lights were shining warmly and cheerily as I entered the drawing-room, where the large Christmas fire was blazing, kindled with the yule-log from the last year's burning; but my feelings were

chilled by seeing Alice and her mother sitting beside it dressed in deep mourning. They had never visited my sick-chamber in black, or said a word of any cause for assuming it.

Alice started up with a cry of surprise, and ran to meet me.

"What is this?" I said, laying my hand on her *crêpe* sleeve. "Why are you in mourning?"

She threw herself into my arms and wept. My aunt, who had risen hurriedly, came towards us and drew me nearer to the sofa.

"Sit down, poor fellow! you are not strong enough to support her. Ah, Hubert, we have all had much cause for sorrow. The shock will find you unprepared; but since you are once more among us, it cannot be kept from you. My nephew, Sir Reginald Moore, your cousin, is dead! We are in mourning for him."

I was deeply grieved; and my aunt, seeing that for the moment I could not speak, said, with a glance at Alice, whose countenance was hidden on my arm:

"Do not ask me to tell you the particulars at present. I doubt whether we could, any of us, bear to speak of them, or you to hear what has filled this house with grief. Never was there a kinder heart, a better master—so young, too—so beloved."

Alice's sobs shook her slight frame.

Her mother paused abruptly. "We must not speak of it," she said decisively; "Mr. Verschoyle will tell you this sad tale to-morrow."

I was silent at her bidding, but my mind was full of surprise and sorrow. The wild dream in which I had seemed to myself to enter Reginald's chamber recurred to my thoughts. It appeared to have been a presentiment of the coming woe; and I remembered with deep regret the unkind thoughts towards my cousin which I had entertained when I saw him—how little either of us supposed that it was for the last time.

It was quite impossible that we should, any of us, turn our thoughts from this painful subject. I did not remain in the room long; and when my uncle, seeing how greatly fatigued and depressed I appeared to be, offered me his arm, I accepted it, and went at once back to the sick-chamber, which I had quitted with such different feelings.

The old butler handed us a light as we

passed through the hall, saying gravely: "I am glad to see you able to get about, Sir Hubert."

I staggered as he spoke. The words seemed to pierce through and through me. Strange as it may seem, it had not, in the surprise of hearing of my cousin's death, occurred to me that I was his heir. He was so much younger than myself; I had always considered that he was certain to marry, and would in all probability survive me; never had my thoughts rested on the possibility of my inheriting his rights!

My uncle saw how much I was distressed. "Servants never miss an opportunity of addressing a person by his title," he said bitterly. "Even that old fellow who knew poor Reginald in his cradle! But surely, my dear Hubert, you must know that you are now the head of our family."

"I had not thought of it," I said, moving on with difficulty. "I do not think that my brain has been quite steady for some time—every thing seems to reel before my eyes. Come to my room; I cannot sleep till you have told me how my poor young cousin died."

I believe that my uncle exercised great caution in what he imparted to me, but I scarcely remember what words he used. He tried very hard to dissuade me from listening, but I insisted on hearing all that was known respecting an event which was wrapped in mystery. My cousin had been found dead, with marks of violence on his person, when his valet entered his room one morning during my illness. He had suffered very much for some time from low spirits, arising from Alice's having rejected the offer of his hand which he had repeatedly made to her. She was so dreadfully affected by the idea that despair on this account had led him to put an end to his existence, that the subject was most carefully avoided in her presence. At first, it had been imagined that robbers had entered the house, which was known to contain much valuable plate and jewelry. There were some indications of this having been the case; but neither Sir Reginald's purse nor his watch, which were on the table, had been taken, and the most strenuous search and sedulous inquiries had failed in eliciting the fact of any burglars having been in the neighborhood. Nothing had been left undone or untried, and the conclusion at which the

family had arrived was a most painful one. It was thought best to let the matter drop.

I listened as though I were in a dream, but not the slightest idea that I was in any way connected with this sad and strange event occurred to me. My uncle stayed with me for some time, but I scarcely spoke to him. When he was gone, I lay down, quite exhausted with fatigue, and slept.

The agitation which I had undergone brought on a relapse, and I was confined to my room for weeks. When I recovered my senses—for during the whole time my brain was confused and weak—cheerful images surrounded me. My relatives had been advised by the physicians to lay aside their mourning, and all mention of melancholy topics was forbidden. I took my place among them once more, gradually resuming my former habits, and at length growing accustomed to the change produced in them by my being treated as the master of the house.

My engagement to Alice was now universally known and acknowledged. Her parents acquiesced in it, and no objection was made to my wish that our marriage should be speedily solemnized. Her health was shaken, and it was considered that it would be better for both of us if the tie was cemented without unnecessary delay. There was no great preparation. All passed quietly. We walked across the park to the little church in the village, which was gaily hung with flowers that the early breeze had brought into existence. Alice's coronal of white roses had been woven for her that morning with the dew upon their petals.

We were to leave home for a short time; and while my bride was bidding farewell to her mother, I went to my room to fetch down a travelling-cloak which had been my companion in many an arduous campaign. As I drew it off the hook, something fell clattering down. I stooped and picked up the sword-stick which had done me good service in the dark streets of Constantinople among the drunken Bashi-Bazouks and thieving Greeks. The sight of the weapon recalled the dream which I had had when I was first taken ill—I had forgotten it lately. Reginald's dimly lighted room, the poor, graceful youth reclining among works of art, with the pale gleam of the night-lamp shining on his handsome face. I shuddered, and was about to put aside the sword-stick, when some involuntary impulse

made me try to unsheath it. The blade was rusted in the scabbard, and would not come forth. My hands trembled; I was forced to lean against the wall; when at last, with a more vigorous effort, I succeeded, and saw a dull red stain upon the blue sheen of the polished steel.

At that moment, my name was called. I threw the weapon back into the closet from which I had taken it, and hurried down. The carriage was at the door; Alice was shedding her parting tears on her mother's shoulder. The postilions were restraining with difficulty their impatient horses. Every one was crowding round us with congratulations and good wishes. I paused one moment on the threshold. Should I reveal the dark thoughts passing through my mind? After all, what were they? Mere vague surmises, based upon the airy fabric of a dream, while before me was life—real, palpable happiness. I drew Alice away from her parents, impatiently, but with tenderness, lifted her into the carriage; and the next moment, the ancestral oaks and beeches, the peaked roofs of the old hall, were fast fading from our view.

A month passed quickly with us. I think, I believe, that Alice was happy. For myself, I cannot tell; I seemed to live in a dream, less real than the accursed vision which, day and night, was present to my eyes. If I slept, I started up, imagining myself walking along that giddy ledge, steadying myself by the aid of a weapon down which blood was slowly dropping. My wife imagined that the nervous starts and tremors which often shook my frame were the remains of my long illness. All that was soothing and gentle lay in her voice and manner, yet their very sweetness tortured me when the thought was roused that I had done a deed for which my life might be the forfeit. Must I lose her?

Never was this sensation stronger than when we drove up the long avenue leading to our home. There were her parents, whom I regarded as my own now; the old servants, who had known us from infancy. Must I stand before them as a culprit—a murderer? Would any one believe that I had done this most vile deed in my sleep—unconsciously—I, who had profited so largely by my cousin's death; and yet, could the tortures of the prisoner in his condemned cell be greater than I must endure if I lived among them, bearing the weight of such a burden on my

heart? Could I hide it from Alice?—from those who sat at the same table with me, and were so near me in blood?

As I crossed the threshold, even while Alice was blushing receiving her parents' kisses and congratulations, my resolve was made, and before nightfall, put in practice. Nothing could exceed the surprise of my relatives when, after hurriedly opening the letters that awaited my return, I said that in one of them my immediate presence in London was required. There was but just time to catch the train at the next station. I took nothing with me but a change of clothes, and the sword-stick, which had lain unnoticed in the ark corner to which I had consigned it; and, declining Alice's offer to accompany me, I left her with her parents, and was soon travelling through the soft darkness of the summer night, alone—perhaps, it might be, exercising for the last time the privileges of freedom.

I did not follow the route I had marked out, but, after the first mile, I directed the coachman to turn his horses' heads, and drive me to the house of the nearest county magistrate. He was an old friend of our family, and nothing could exceed his distress when I made known my errand. In vain he argued with me that the impression on which I was acting had been formed under the influence of delirium. I showed him the weapon with the stain of blood upon the blade, and surrendered my person into his hands, desiring that the fullest and most complete investigation might take place.

I now heard for the first time the exact particulars of the state in which Sir Reginald Moore was found when his servant entered the room the morning after his death. There could be no doubt that it had been brought about by violent means, but whether his own hand or that of a murderer had put an end to his life, had never been ascertained. Every circumstance corresponded with the images in the dream, as I had for some time imagined it to be, which had shown me his last moments. The absence of the weapon which had caused his death fearfully corroborated the idea I had lately entertained. There had been marks, my old friend was forced to confess, of some person or persons having entered the room by the window, which was standing open, but this was contradicted by there being no footprints on the border beneath; and the impression was that Sir

Reginald had himself thrown away the weapon which had inflicted that fatal wound. Search had been made for it, however, in vain.

Though my version of the story was almost incredible—in spite of the many circumstances which told against me—my countrymen believed it. My having voluntarily surrendered to take my trial, at the moment which should have been one of the happiest of my life, was regarded as a strong proof that my guilt was not premeditated. No waking man, it was decided, could have passed too and fro in safety along that dizzy ledge. I certainly could not have done it again. Then the long illness, during which my brain was affected, beginning that very night; the wound still unhealed, received in my country's battles, made that English jury regard it as impossible that the officer before them, with the Victoria Cross and Crimean claps and medals on his breast, could be a cold-blooded murderer. Those twelve honest men judged me by the dictates of their own noble hearts, and, after a short consultation, unanimously acquitted me.

But I had been arraigned before a severer tribunal, which was still unsatisfied. The revengeful, passionate impulses which maddened me on that night—which turned my brain, and made me pass in sleep that fearful Rubicon which divides guilt from innocence—were still remembered, and filled me with remorse; for me, the gifts of wealth and happiness seemed too rich a boon. How could I enjoy life under the shadow of the woods that once were *his*, or revisit the scene of that dreadful deed—the property of the fine young fellow whom I had deprived of life? Better, as it seemed to me, to be separated from all I loved, and perish—as the men of my old regiment were perishing day by day—a victim to sun-stroke and disease, on the burning soil of India—than profit by the untimely death of Reginald Moore!

My preparations were made silently. I did not mention even to my wife the resolution I had formed when, after the trial was over, she pressed me to return to our home. The command of my regiment had been kept open for me till the last moment. I took my passage in the *Indus*, resolved to avail myself of the opportunity thus afforded for wiping off the stigma which, in spite of the acquittal of my countrymen, still weighed me down. It was only after I had received notice that the

vessel would sail in a few days, that I told Alice I was about to leave her.

"No, Hubert," she said, gently; "I am a better dissembler than yourself. I have guessed your intention; a word spoken in sleep revealed it to me. I have been as busy as yourself the last few weeks, only you have not had time to notice it. I mean to accompany you to India."

Alice was not less firm than myself, and her cause was a better one. Her parents, too, much as it grieved them to part with her, supported her arguments. How it might have been if I had been separated from her, I know not, for my mind was disturbed, my health much shattered; but her care of me during that long voyage restored me to vigor and tranquillity. When we landed at Calcutta, I was in all respects equal to the fulfilment of the duties of my profession.

We have been parted for many months now, but fortune favors me, and I look forward, at the end of the campaign, to our reunion. The morbid agonies of remorse, from which I suffered so much, no longer distract me. I feel that I am not responsible for an action committed when my senses were not under the control of reason. The stirring scenes in which I have played a not inglori-

ous part have restrung my nerves, and invigorated my constitution. In the heat of battle, I have been unscathed; in the burning jungles and aguish swamps, I have watched and slept unharmed. This new year, it is said, will see the termination of active warfare; and, when peace is proclaimed, I shall lay down my sword, and return, with my sweet, heroic, patient wife, to England, satisfied that manly, arduous exertion, and the remembrance of that providential care which guarded the soldier in the battle, will enable me to struggle with the phantoms which at one time threatened to haunt our pleasant home.

As I look across the devastated fields, black and bare as if swarms of locusts had passed over them—as the smoke mounts to the lurid sky of burning villages, set on fire by accident or design, in the wake of the army, despite the stern edicts of our gallant commander-in-chief, and the vigilance of the provost-marshal—England, with its smiling, peaceful homes, rises before me. I see the old house under Marley Down smiling a welcome to me; and I hear, instead of the shrill réveille and the dropping shots, the cheerful cawing of the rooks in the elm-trees, and the bark of the old squire's harriers, as the pack burst from the kennel.

AN enumeration by Mr. Alfred Smee, of the Bank of England, of the manifold uses to which vegetable parchment may be applied—"for legal deeds, bank notes, policies of insurance, working plans, maps, account books, binding purposes, photography, culinary purposes, paper hangings, artist's drawings and paintings either in oil or water color,"—has led us to examine very closely a specimen manufactured by the firm of De La Rue, who anticipate its acceptance by the public generally, when its very remarkable qualities are thoroughly known. Vegetable parchment is made from water leaf or unsized paper, of which ordinary blotting-paper is a common example, and it acquires its peculiar properties by being dipped in diluted sulphuric acid, the strength of which must be regulated to the greatest nicety. The name of "Ametastine" is suggested, because the material of the surface thus metamorphosed is one of the most unalterable and unchangeable of all organic substances, and its peculiarity requires a distinctive appellation

Vegetable parchment is to be commended for its strength, toughness, flexibility, hardness and solidity of face, stiffness, elasticity, resistance to the action of water; for when dried it resumes its former condition; and indeed, in all cases where endurance for long periods is required, this material may be safely pronounced pre-eminently valuable. Gases pass through it in the same way as through animal membranes, whilst it resists the action of most chemicals, acids, and alkalies. It takes writing ink and dyes very readily, and, from its perfect surface, receives varnish without being sized in the first instance. The firm we have mentioned have brought the invention to its present state of perfection, though the merit of originality is due to Mr. Gaine, who first discovered this curious and important substitute both for parchment and paper.

The Court of Exchequer, meanwhile, is considering the question as to whether this material is to be taxed as parchment or paper.

From The Press.

Poems and Ballads of Goethe. Translated by W. E. Aytoun and Theodore Martin. London: Blackwoods. New York, Delisser and Proctor.

THE writer of an interesting and suggestive article on "Virgil and his Modern Critics," in the current number of the *National Review*, has some remarks upon the relations of the principal species of poetry to each other, which appear to us both new and philosophical. Distinguishing them broadly as descriptive, narrative, dramatic, and lyrical,—the first being concerned with external nature, the two next with man in his social, and the latter with him in his individual aspect,—he proceeds to show that the flexibility and expansiveness, so to speak, of which each sort of poetry is susceptible, varies directly as the human and individual, and inversely as the natural and material, element preponderates; and that a progressive sequence of complexity may be discerned, according as we approach nearer to the region of human passions and interests, which, by their multiplicity and heterogeneity, occasion a corresponding variety in the poetic vehicle by which they are conveyed. In short, as we might express it, the three first kinds of poetry being objective, the latter subjective, their development corresponds with the philosophical truth expressed in the lines of Tennyson,—

" — Evermore

The similar essence lower lies;
More complex is more perfect, owning more
Discourse, more widely wise."

These principles, we have thought, admit of being applied to the subject of translated verse, in order to explain the very different degrees of success which have been achieved by those who have attempted it. Few persons, probably, would deny that, while a mere English reader is precluded from receiving any thing but the most remote idea of the charm of Sappho, Simonides, or Horace, there are writers, such as Theocritus and Virgil, whose peculiar simplicity and beauty are much more easily infused into a translation; and that if there are many writers of this class who are still inadequately represented in our language, they are so less by the inherent difficulty of the task than by the fact that none but translators of manifestly inferior power have hitherto come forward to grapple with them. Thus Dryden's translation of the

Æneid would bring a person ignorant of Latin much nearer to the Mantuan, than the same writer's translation of Horace's Ode to Mæcenas would to the Venusian poet; for, magnificent as the latter undoubtedly is as a poetic composition, it can hardly be considered to embody the peculiar graces of its original with much greater fidelity than its numerous and obscure rivals.

Supposing it, then, to be admitted, that of objective and subjective poetry, the former is more likely to be well translated than the latter, we shall hardly be wrong in attributing this difference to the fact of the comparative uniformity and stability on the one side, and variability and unstableness on the other, of the materials, with which the two are respectively concerned. The operations of nature are governed by fixed and uniform laws; however various the physical appearance of the earth may be, the parts of which it is composed are similar everywhere; the vegetation of the soil springs up in its appointed season; the animals devour it or each other, and are in turn devoured by man; the sun, moon, and stars shine, water finds its level, and "the blue sky bends over all." For such phenomena, since they occur in every one's experience, equivalents are easily found in all languages, and the descriptive poetry of one nation can be transfused into the speech of another with but little violence. The same is the case, though to a less extent, with narrative and dramatic poetry. Man in his social capacity, though less obviously under the influence of general laws, yet, when regarded through periods sufficiently extensive, presents certain broad uniformities of sequence and co-existence which are a counterpart of those which rule his physical habitation. The actions of men in large bodies repeat themselves under similar circumstances; nations go through certain well-known phases of growth, prosperity, and decay; they feel the same passions, are actuated by similar motives; deliberate, migrate, make war, exhibit startling instances of crime or virtue, with a kind of regularity and recurrence, in all ages and countries. The observer who in one period described either physical or congregated man describes what is seen by thousands besides himself, and if he is intelligible to his fellows while he lives, he may be expected to be found so in after times to those who witness objects or occurrences similar to those

which he noted and portrayed. The point of view in which such matters appear to him in his own age is sufficiently general, to be caught and realized by those who are by time and distance far removed from him.—But with lyrical poetry—regarded as the exponent of personal and special feeling,—the case is different. The breadth of view which a man takes of the habits and ideas of others would be absurd or impossible as regards his own. He could not generalize

“—the heart-inspiring zeal that bore
United Greece to Phrygia's reedy shore.”

as the narrative poet can, because when, for instance

“Archilochum proprio rabies armavit Iambo,—”
he has only one instance to generalize from. The *agentia verba Lycamben* are not “for all time,” but for one age and one man; and as no one sees the poet's feelings but himself, no one can tell how his words would express the common sense of mankind about them, if they could be perceived. And as such varieties of feeling are infinite, and the ideas which they occasion equally numerous, no one can expect to be thoroughly understood, or to have the peculiar emotions of his mind adequately rendered to any one else. We are all, in a lyrical sense, *êtres incompris*. The lyric poet “hears a voice we cannot hear” and “sees a hand we cannot see;” Nature seems to desert her general laws and sympathize with his grief or joy:—

“For him, the light of roseate morn
But paints the horizon red with flame,
And voices from the depths of Nature borne,
Woe, woe, upon his guilty head proclaim.”

To Medea, “the fountains of the sacred rivers” appear to “run back to their source” in harmony with the discord (if the phrase may be used) of all things around her; in Tennyson, the imaginative friend is said to have

“—talk'd with rocks and trees,
He sees on misty mountain-ground
His own vast shadow glory-crown'd;
He sees himself in all he sees.”

Alcmah desires to “be a kingfisher, and fly away with the halycons,”—a purely lyrical idea. We can conceive a company of people deciding to rescue a lady, as in the *Iliad*,—to set out on a crusade, as in the *Jerusalemme*,—to go and live in a wood, as in *As You Like It*,—to sail away together into infinite ocean like the Phocæans;—all these are notions susceptible of joint-stock treatment; but

imagine a committee, “with power to add to their number,” all yearning to be kingfishers!—Thus it happens that while in narrative and dramatic poetry the ideas are such as appeal to the great majority, in lyric verse they do not so much come out to us as invite us to come into them; to throw ourselves by an effort of imagination into a peculiar mental state more or less adequately set before us by the writer who has experienced it; to go out of ourselves and look at nature, man, or our own mind from a new point of view. This individualism and self-absorption of the lyric writer frequently find their truest expression in unforeseen felicities of language, in peculiar and appropriate rhythm, and in phrases which, like the medals struck to commemorate some great public event, are good for that occasion alone, and will not pass current as part of the ordinary coinage.

If there be any truth in these remarks, the translator of lyric poetry has a most arduous task before him, and one where, besides the obstacles to success already mentioned, the smallness in quantity, by making the reader more exacting, only adds to the difficulty of adequate representation. In the translation of an epic we put up with somewhat less excellence of detail if the spirit of the whole is faithfully given. Homer nods; and a translator may be excused for flagging in certain parts if he brightens up at the most telling passages. In a colossal Egyptian statue we do not scrutinize too minutely the texture of the surface or the anatomy of every joint, and are satisfied with the general impression. But with smallness of size we expect at least perfection of form. Short and sweet, little and good, should, by common consent, be found together. A cameo must bear examination under a magnifying-glass.

The poems of Goethe show a neatness of structure, a playfulness of fancy, and a finish of language which have always been the despair of translators. In spite of the effort required to mould a harsh and unmusical language like German to the purposes of the lightest sort of poetry, Goethe's natural clearness of mind and impatience of any thing like trick or conventionalism in style enabled him to avoid all obscurity and commonness, and to produce a greater number of poems, which are both short and good, than any poet we can call to mind. As a writer of songs and short pieces, he has more finish than

Browning, more variety than Burns, and more human interest than Wordsworth. Perhaps no verses of Goethe equal in crystalline beauty Wordsworth's "She dwelt among untrodden ways;" but he has many short poems which are little inferior. As is well known, also, Goethe was apt to get tired of a subject, and thus many of his long pieces are incomplete. But his poetic impulse was sufficient to carry him well through a song or a ballad, and what he did under such circumstances he almost always did well. He has not, however, been very fortunate in his translators till now. The only complete version of his smaller poems is that by Mr. Bowring, published about six years since; but this, though literal to a praiseworthy extent, is exceedingly harsh, and seldom happy in language. With, obviously, every desire to perform his task well, Mr. Bowring unfortunately failed to catch more than the smallest part of the grace and music of his original. To those who wish for assistance in making out the German it may be recommended as a convenient guide, but we doubt whether any English reader would derive much pleasure from its perusal alone. From the present editors, men of known poetic powers, much was to be expected, and much has been given. Some of their specimens were originally published in *Blackwood*, but have undergone due revision before appearing in the present volume. We may commend them, in the first place, for not having made their version half English and half German, as is so often the case, whereby they would have missed accuracy without attaining elegance. There is no one of their attempts which would not be thought pleasing if published as an original poem; and there are many which are also excellent as translations. As might be expected, they have succeeded best where there was most *stuff* to work upon,—where the ideas are somewhat substantial and the language strong and full of meaning. In some of the smaller pieces, which affect us as much by their *tune* as any thing else, they have succeeded less perfectly, but even here what they give us is graceful and poetical. They seem to have worked throughout on a certain principle of compromise—remembering always that they were writing for English readers and not for German scholars; and have thus eschewed the "Pre-Raphaelitism" of translation of which some uncouth examples have lately

come before the public. Thus in the "Poem after the manner of the Antique," which are in classical metres, they have adopted blank verse, which makes them read, on the whole, somewhat like the reflective portions of Mr. Landor's Hellenics. Their selection is tolerably good, and comprises most of the best and best-known ballads and songs. We miss, however, one or two favorites; "Neue Liebe neues leben," "Wahrer Genuss," and "Am Flusse," are unaccountably absent; but, with these exceptions, the collection gives a very fair idea of the poems which admirers of Goethe probably read the oftenest. We will endeavor to support our opinion of their merits by some extracts, and will take, to begin with, the verses "An Belinden," as a means of comparing them with other translators. The lines were addressed to the lady who figures in the poet's Autobiography under the name of "Lili," and who was Miss Schönnemann, a fashionable Frankfort beauty of seventeen, with whom he was, perhaps, brought nearer to the brink of matrimony than in any other of his numerous love affairs. He at one time thought of emigrating with her to America. She liked to exhibit the poet in her chains, and used to force him into the parties of the wealthy commercial society of Frankfort, where he felt himself, with his burgher connections and general dislike of *Philisterism*, somewhat out of place. Goethe heard her singing the song at the piano one evening after he had taken his final leave of her. The following is a literal though rough translation:—

Why drawest thou me irresistibly, alas! into yonder splendor? Was I not, simple youth, so happy, in the silent night?—Shut up all to myself in my little chamber, I lay in the moonlight, bathed all over in its trembling lustre, and darkled* into sleep.—There I dreamed of the unmingled pleasure of the full, golden hours, and held thy beloved image deeply felt within my breast.—Am I the same whom thou, near so many lights, detainest at the card-table? Whom thou placest often opposite to such unbearable countenances?—Charming to me no longer is the bloom of spring upon the earth; Where thou, Angel, art, are Love and Goodness; Where thou art, is Nature.

We find the following translation in Mr. A.

* *Dämmern* is a difficult word to give in English. It seems to express a lotos-eating state of half-waking reverie; a twilight condition of any kind. The use of the word here seems analogous to that of the Greek *πορφύρεον*.

J. W. Morrison's version of Goethe's Autobiography:—

"With resistless power why dost thou press me
Into scenes so bright?
Had I not—good youth—so much to bless me
In the lonely night?

"In my little chamber close I found me,
In the moon's cold beams;
And their quivering light fell softly round me,
While I lay in dreams.

"And by hours of pure, unmingled pleasure,
All my dreams were blest,
While I felt her image, as a treasure,
Deep within my breast.

"Is it I, she at the table places,
'Mid so many lights;
Yes, to meet intolerable faces,
She her slave invites.

"Ah! the Spring's fresh fields no longer cheer
me,
Flowers no sweetness bring;
Angel, where thou art, all sweets are near
me,—
Love, Nature, and Spring."

Mr. Bowring's is as follows:—

"Wherefore drag me to yon glittering eddy,
With resistless might?
Was I, then, not truly blest already
In the silent night?

"In my secret chamber refuge taking,
'Neath the moon's soft ray,
And her awful light around me breaking,
Musing there I lay.

"And I dream'd of hours with joy o'erflowing,
Golden, truly blest,
While thine image so belov'd was glowing
Deep within my breast.

"Now to the card-table hast thou bound me,
'Midst the torches' glare?
Whilst unhappy faces are around me,
Dost thou hold me there?

"Spring-flow'rs are to me more rapture-giving,
Now conceal'd from view;
Where thou, angel, art, is Nature living,
Love and kindness too."

Mr. Martin translates thus:—

"Why dost thou lure me to this garish pleasure,
This pomp of light?
Was I not happy in abundant measure,
In the lone night?

"Shut in my chamber, when the moon was
beaming,
Unseen I lay,
And, with its silver radiance round me stream-
ing,
I dream'd away.

"I dream'd of hours which golden joy was fill-
ing,
And I was blest,
For love, tumultuous love, even then was
thrilling
Through all my breast.

"Am I the same, treading with thee the dances
Of this bright hall,
Amid the whispered tongues and jealous
glances
That round us fall?

"No more Spring's sweetest flowers can claim
my duty,
Or charm my view;
Where thou art, darling, there are love and
beauty,
And nature, too."

We are not quite certain to which of these versions we should give the preference. The second is rather more literal than the others, but the third is more elegant in style. On the other hand, the metre is not so exactly preserved. The original is trochaic in rhythm, in both the long and short lines, which Mr. Martin has turned into an iambic flow. But either would give an English reader a very tolerable idea of Goethe's poem.

The *Times* in its review has placed Mr. Carlyle's version of "Know'st thou the Land" side by side with the one in the present volume. We will therefore take for another parallel the lines, also from "Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship," "Wer nicht sein Brod mit Thranen ass," etc. Of this, Mr. Carlyle's version (of which, however, we can only remember the first stanza) is almost exactly literal:—

"Who ne'er his bread in sorrow ate,
Who never, through the midnight hours,
Weeping upon his bed hath sate,
He knows you not, ye heavenly powers."

Mr. Martin's lines we do not like quite so well, as the metre is changed and the accuracy not so perfect. The third line in German is "In seinem Bette weinend sass;" and the image of one who *sits* on his bed all night in tears is certainly more forcible than the following lines make it:—

RETRIBUTION.

"He that with tears did never eat his bread,
He that hath never lain through night's long
hours,
Weeping in bitter anguish on his bed—
He knows ye not, ye dread celestial powers.
Ye lead us onwards into life. Ye leave
The wretch to fall; then yield him up, in
woe,
Remorse, and pain, uncensingly to grieve;
For every sin is punish'd here below."

In the following poem Mr. Aytoun has produced a very attractive version of the original. Many of our readers will probably imagine, and with truth, that Mr. Tennyson has been indebted to it for the suggestion of the theme which he has worked out in the "Miller's Daughter:—"

THE HAPPY PAIR.

"It came and went as lightly.

That pleasant summer rain :
Now see, dear wife, how brightly
Laughs out our own domain.

Far, far into the distance
The eager eyes can roam,
But here is true existence,
And here a happy home.

"Down fly the pigeons cooing,
The pretty graceful things !
So gentle in their wooing,
Beside the fairy springs,
Where, gathering flowers together,
A garland first I wove,
In bright and sunny weather,
For thee, my only love !

"Another wreath I plaited,
As well rememberest thou,
That day when we were mated,
And took the happy vow.
The world was all before us,
To make or choose our way ;
And years have stolen o'er us,
Since that most blessed day.

"The vow which then was spoken,
A thousand times we've seal'd,
By many a tender token,
In thicket and in field ;
On Alpine heights we've tarried.
Together still were we ;
Yea, Love for us hath carried
His torch across the sea.

* * * *

"How pleasant is the clatter,
'Tis like a measured reel,
As yonder falling water
Goes foaming o'er the wheel !
In many a song and ditty,
Are miller's wives called fair ;
But none are half so pretty
As our dear daughter there.

"Ah yes ! I do not wonder
Your eye should rest e'en now,
Upon the hillock yonder,
Where dark the fir-trees grow ;
There lie our babes together,
Beneath the daisied sod ;
But they have seen Our Father,
And pray for us to God !"

Initials are appended to each translation, so that we know which have been done independently and which in conjunction. But were it not so, there could be little doubt on which side of the Tweed certain of the following lines were composed. "The Trencherous Maid of the Mill" (the title of Goethe's ballad—and having no connection, we trust, with the other miller's daughter) has inveigled a lover to a rendezvous, and then stripped him and turned him out. A friend asks how he comes to be about at daybreak with nothing on but a cloak. The answer is,—

"Our friend has been poaching ! Such dangerous trips

End seldom except in vexation ;
Let him in, give him liquor, and from his own lips
Let us hear his absurd lamentation."

The entire ballad is amusing, but too long for extract. We need hardly say that there is nothing in Goethe about "giving him liquor"—which would not have occurred to that temperate son of Parnassus so early in the morning.

There are better translations in the volume than any we have extracted, but they are all too long too suit our purpose. With the "Bride of Corinth" and the "God and the Bayadere"—perhaps two of Goethe's most perfect compositions—the translators, working together, have taken extreme pains. The result is very satisfactory. We have compared them both with the originals, throughout, and can testify to the accuracy and force with which the great difficulties of metre and language have been conquered. The peculiar versification of the latter poem will not suit all readers, but none, we should think, can read the former without feeling its weird music ringing in their ears for long afterwards.

Our notice has already extended to far too great a length, and we must conclude with one more extract, in which the metre, with its double rhymes, has been very exactly preserved, and the expressions literally and we think charmingly rendered :—

THE PARTING.

"Let mine eye the farewell make thee,
Which my lips refuse to speak ;
Scorn me not, if, to forsake thee,
Makes my very manhood weak.

"Joyless in our joy's eclipse, love,
Are love's tokens, else divine,
Cold the kisses of thy lips, love,
Damp the hand that's locked in mine.

"Once thy lip, to touch it only,
To my soul has sent a thrill,
Sweeter than the violet lonely,
Pluck'd in March-time by the rill.

"Garlands never more I'll fashion,
Roses twine no more for thee ;
Spring is here, but, ah, my passion,
Autumn dark has come for me !"

On the whole, this appears to us a very successful attempt to perform a very difficult task. Goethe has never had interpreters who have so faithfully caught his spirit, and who have united the necessary accuracy with the proper amount of poetic spirit and genuine taste.

[We add, from the *Critic*, some specimens].

A FEW of the versions here printed were published years ago in *Blackwood's Magazine*, soon after the completion (if we remember rightly) of Sir Edward Lytton's translation of Schiller, first given to the world in the pages of *Maga*. Circumstances prevented then the prosecution of the task, which, in the interval, has been continued with patient zeal. To each poem is suffixed the initial of the translator; in some cases when the version has been really and truly a combined effort, the initials of both are given; and in every case the version owes something to the interchange of criticism. Unfortunately, our space will not permit us to transfer to our columns the most admirable performance in the whole volume, the version of the "Bride of Corinth," in which with perfect and marvellous adherence to the difficult metre of the original, Goethe's famous ballad is reproduced in all its ghastly pathos. Here, however, is a shorter but almost as celebrated a poem, which has exercised numberless translators, and of which the following elegant version is due to Mr. Theodore Martin:—

"THE FISHER.

- "The water rush'd and bubbled by,
An angler near it lay,
And watch'd his quill with tranquil eye
Upon the current play.
And as he sits in wasteful dream
He sees the flood unclose,
And from the middle of the stream
A river maiden rose.
- "She sang to him with witching wile,
'My brood why wilt thou snare
With human craft and human guile,
To die in scorching air?
Ah! didst thou know how happy we,
Who dwell in waters clear,
Thou wouldst come down at once to me,
And rest forever here.
- "The sun and lady-moon they lave
Their tresses in the main;
And breathing freshness from the wave,
Come doubly bright again.
The deep-blue sky so moist and clear,
Hath it for thee no lure?
Does thine own face not woo thee down
Unto our waters pure?"
- "The water rush'd and bubbled by,
It lapp'd his naked feet;
He thrill'd as though he felt the touch
Of maiden kisses sweet.
She spoke to him, she sang to him—
Resistless was her strain—
Half-drawn, he sunk beneath the wave,
And ne'er was seen again."

Certainly, this is very musical, very polished, very elegant, and on the whole very faithful. We may hint, however, our impression that Mr. Martin is mistaken in making the scene the bank of a river, and not the seashore. The allusion of the water-lady to the sun and moon clearly marks that ocean was her *habitat*, and it was no doubt Goethe's design in the poem to paint the longing inspired in the human breast by the contemplation of the placid sea. The "Das Wassar schwoll" of the original would thus mean the advance of the tide until the water reached the fisher's feet. The watching "his quill," by the way, is rather prosaic, and conjures up memories of Dick Swiveller gazing at his office pen the morning after a debauch. "Float" would be better. "Half-drawn, he sank beneath the wave" is, too, but an inexpressive rendering of the expressive "Halb zog sie ihn, halb sank er hin" of the original.

We give now a ballad in a different style, and translated by Professor Aytoun, one in which a great truth is imaginatively and gracefully expressed:—

"THE TREASURE-SEEKER.

I.

- "Many weary days I suffered,
Sick of heart and poor of purse;
Riches are the greatest blessing—
Poverty the deepest curse!
Till at last to dig a treasure
Forth I went into the wood:
'Fiend, my soul is thine forever!'—
And I sign'd the scroll with blood.

II.

- "Then I drew the magic circles,
Kindled the mysterious fire,
Placed the herbs and bones in order,
Spoke the incantation dire.
And I sought the buried metal
With a spell of mickle might—
Sought it as my master taught me:
Black and stormy was the night.

III.

- "And I saw a light appearing
In the distance like a star;
When the midnight hour was tolling,
Came it waxing from afar:
Came it flushing, swift and sudden,
As if fiery wine it were,
Flowing from an open chalice
Which a beauteous boy did bear.

IV.

- "And he wore a lustrous chaplet,
And his eyes were full of thought,
As he stepped into the circle
With the radiance that he brought."

And he bade me taste the goblet;
And I thought 'It cannot be
That this boy should be the bearer
Of the demon's gift to me.'

V.

"Taste the draught of pure existence,
Sparkling in this golden urn,
And no more with baleful magic
Shalt thou thitherward return.
Do not seek for treasures longer,
Let thy future spell-words be—
Days of labor, nights of resting;
So shall peace return to thee."

This, too, is a very elegant translation, but one in which the rhymed double-endings and general metrical structure of the original are neglected. Here is a version of our own (not of yesterday's date), in which Goethe's metre, at least, is faithfully reproduced:—

"THE TREASURE-DIGGER.

"Poor in purse and broken-hearted,
Many a weary day I waited;
Want alone is to be hated,
Riches are the highest good.
So, from sorrow to be parted,
Forth I went to dig a treasure.
'Thine, my soul is at thy pleasure,'
And the pact completed stood.

"So my circles duly made I,
Flamelets darting hither, thither;

Ranged the herbs and bones together;
Finish'd was the magic rite.
Then with mattock and with spade I
Stoutly dug, as had been bidden,
For the treasure yonder hidden.
Black and stormy was the night,

"And I saw a distant light now
Coming onward like a star, there
From behind and from afar, there
As the stroke of twelve was o'er.
In a moment all was bright now,
For the gloom had to surrender
To a brimming goblet's splendor,
Which a lovely stripling bore.

"Cheerful eyes were softly glancing
'Neath a flower-wreath woven thickly,
Close beside me stept he quickly,
And, in friendly-wise demeaned,
Bade me drink, the cup advancing:
And I did not think of danger,
For this lovely, friendly stranger
Could not surely be the fiend.

"Drink the sense of pure existence
Then thou know'st the lesson rightly;
Incantations, feats unsightly,
Midnight conjurings all are o'er.
Dig not here with vain persistence,
Work by day, by night enjoyment,
Festive close to right employment,
Be thy spell-word evermore!"

THE next war, come when it may, will be more terrific and destructive than any thing in the memory of man or in the records of past ages. All nations seem mustering their strength, and genius tasking its resources, to make ready for some undefined yet not distant conflict. The honor of knighthood has just been conferred on the inventor of a gun, the range and projectile force of which seem to eclipse all previous discoveries. Ships armed with it may ride quietly five or six miles off at sea and rain destruction on our coast towns. While the shot of such a fleet would be sure to tell on some part of the area of a town exposed to its iron storm, the hostile ships, presenting a mere speck at such a distance, would be comparatively unscathed. There is nothing now for us to rely on but our fleet. The highest possible efficiency, we repeat, what we endeavored to impress last week, is our severest economy. We are glad to see that the necessity and instancy of this suggestion is now being carried out. The Coast Guard—a most important service is to be increased; a

naval militia is to be organized; a relief force of four thousand sailors is to be established at every principal port; the naval service is to be made tempting to the crews of our merchant ships. We are happy to see that the most important and most English corps in our service, the marines, is to be considerably increased; there are no finer fellows in her Majesty's service, and we think an increase in this corps, not to speak of other advantages, would be an effective and reliable substitute for double their number of sailors. No doubt this will be expensive; but, as we showed in our last, it is ultimately the cheapest. Brighton, Edinburgh, or Aberdeen—not to speak of more important towns—laid in ruins by Armstrong's guns, would be a severer material and moral loss to the country than an income tax of seven per cent for ten years to come.—*The Press*, 26 Feb.

POETRY.—A woman without poetry is like a landscape without sunshine.—*Mrs. Ellis*.

SCIENCE AND ARTS FOR FEBRUARY.

THE very mild temperature of our January, contrasting so favorably with the 36 degrees below zero of New York, and the summary of the weather for 1858, are the themes among meteorologists. No one objects to a winter with primroses in bloom; nor is there much dissatisfaction expressed at the verification of the proverb, "If the ice bears a man before Christmas, it won't bear a goose afterwards;" and how it bore during the "cold snap" of November last, many a one will remember. In the same month there was the usual periodical passage of atmospheric waves; one of these waves had a breadth of five hundred miles, and a length of 120 degrees, and was traceable at the same time all across the Atlantic.

Mr. Gassiot's paper on certain electrical phenomena observed in vacuums, read before the Royal Society, is an important addition to the subject, of which, as we mentioned at the time, the first instalment was delivered last year. That there is a stratification of the electric discharge is more and more demonstrable: if a vertical tube through which a current is passing be made to rotate rapidly the divisions of the strata appear as continuous lines. The effect of vapors of different kinds introduced into the vacuum, is shown by a different color while the current passes—red, orange, white, etc.; and a series may be established which in the same discharge gratifies the eye by its variety, and the mind by new vistas of discovery. Magnetism has a marked effect. If, while the glass tube shines brightly with the discharge travelling through it, a horse-shoe magnet is placed against it, the character of the stræ is altered, or they disappear; and if two magnets are held in a given position, the discharge is completely arrested. Apart from their beauty, there is something especially suggestive in Mr. Gassiot's experiments. Mr. Grove, lecturing on the same subject, showed that in a perfect vacuum there can be no discharge: there must be, it seems, some vehicle for the electricity to travel by. This is well shown by a small quantity of potash placed at one end of the vacuum tube. At first, the operator may make contact as much as he pleases; no result appears; but as soon as, by placing a spirit-lamp under the potash, it is made to throw off a little vapor, then the electricity, seizing on the invisible molecules, makes

itself apparent in a bright, quivering light. Seeing that electricity will not pass an absolute vacuum, Mr. Grove throws out the question, whether it may be the same with light? This question, as will be seen on reflection, bears significantly on cosmical phenomena. In former experiments, Mr. Grove has proved that if one of the plates of a nitric acid cell be exposed suddenly to sunlight, while the other is kept dark, there is an immediate deflection of the galvanometer needle amounting to ten degrees; the light plate being positive to the dark one, as zinc is to copper. Reversal of the plates produces the same results: the dark one will be the negative. In Mr. Grove's opinion, this is due to the chemical, and not to the calorific rays of the sun. An effect similar in kind is observable if both plates are in the light, but one simply shading the other. This is considered to be one of the phenomena by which we are to be aided in arriving at a conclusion as to the real nature of light; and we need hardly say that the experiments require most delicate manipulation.—Niépce St. Victor, pursuing his researches, finds that light will retain its action for six months; that is, you may seal up sunshine in a tube in July, and in December take a photograph therewith; but only one, for a single impression exhausts it. Again, if garden-mould be taken from a depth beneath the surface, and carried into a dark room, no photographic result is produced; but if it be mould from the surface, on which the sun has been shining, then the sensitive paper becomes darkened. Hear we see a striking instance of the energy of light; still active though shut out from the sun; and while conscience and art may find rich promise therein, we think that facts will be elicited exhibiting yet more clearly than at present the important function of light upon health.

Another paper, read before the Royal Society, by Professor Rankine of Glasgow, discusses the mathematics of a question interesting to engineers—the thermodynamics of steam-engines, and the application of dry saturated steam to practice. It is a step towards power and economy. A steamer of fourteen hundred tons, built by the Rennies, and fitted with apparatus for superheating a portion of the steam, when heard of recently from the Cape of Good Hope had performed well, and with a saving of thirty per cent. of coal. The chief difficulty at present is to find a lubricant

that will not evaporate with the high temperature required—300 degrees. Meanwhile, we hear a whisper of a discovery of a motive-power as much superior to steam, as steam was to wind and horses.

Professor Wartmann of Geneva has sent a communication to the Royal Society, making known the result of a series of experiments which he made to ascertain the effect of pressure on the electric telegraph. The trials were made with a coated copper wire, which could be subjected at pleasure to a pressure of four hundred atmospheres—equal to a depth of twelve thousand feet in the ocean—and the conclusion is, that the greater the pressure the less the conductivity.—M. Hipp, at the last meeting of the Helvetic Society, demonstrated the advantage of induced over ordinary currents in electro-telegraphy, their action being so much more immediate, admitting of a rapid delivery of messages; a fact which has long been known, and turned to account by the best telegraphists in this country.—To those interested in terrestrial magnetism, there is something important in the phenomena of currents as revealed by the Atlantic cable; there was a manifestation of magnetic storms, strongest between 10. A.M. and 10 P.M.

The Swiss naturalists are earnestly discussing the subject of the swarms of locusts which ravaged the valley of the Rhône in the Lower Valais last summer; swarms so numerous that they were hours passing a given spot, and hid the sun as a cloud. The inhabitants of the district are in dread lest the coming spring should hatch the eggs which now fill the ground all over many leagues; and systematic operations to dig them out, and to watch for and destroy the larvæ, are recommended as the only means of preventing a worse visitation next summer. In one of the locust seasons which sometimes afflict the south of France, the authorities of Marseille paid twenty thousand francs to destroyers of the pest, at the rate of twopence halfpenny a pound for eggs and locusts.

Success still attends the cultivators of the sorgho—Chinese sugar-cane—in France. The plant yields excellent sugar; a farina obtained from the seed makes good bread and chocolate; alcohol and an agreeable tonic wine are extracted from the stem and leaves, as well as certain dyes, of tints hitherto supposed to be peculiar to China; and the residue is converted into paper. Truly, a most useful plant.

We are glad to hear that it has been introduced into Australia, where, in the seasons of drought to which the colonies are liable, it is found eminently useful as food for cattle.

The French horticultural journals contain notices of certain new plants recently introduced into France. One is from South America, the *Poinciana gilliesii*, a handsome flowering shrub belonging to the leguminosæ; and is a pleasing variety from the two East Indian species which have long been known. Another is the *Phlomis leonurus*, a superb flowering plant, which blows in autumn. As some of our readers will remember, the Jerusalem sage is a variety of *Phlomis*.—From the same quarter we hear of an important discovery in the treatment of grapevines: it is, to take a narrow ring of bark from the inner end of each branch. It is to be a ring all round the branch, and as deep as the liber; and the effect is, to check the formation of leaf—mere green stuff—and to accelerate the growth and ripening of the grapes by at least a fortnight. Specimens shown at an Exhibition in Paris demonstrated that in grapes taken from the same vine, those produced by the ringed branches were considerably larger than those from the branches which had not undergone the operation.—Something remarkable is reported of the aloe; a gardener near Paris one day scalded both his feet; he was quite alone; no one within call, and compelled thus to shift for himself, he plucked a large aloe-leaf, split it in two, and applied the raw surfaces to his feet. Much to his surprise, the pain at once ceased, and the leaf became of a violet color; while the next day no traces of the scald remained except a dark-blue stain. This curative property has been lately verified at the Museum at Paris, in a similar complete cure of a workman, whose whole back had been blistered by a rush of steam: and by Lemaire, professor of botany at Ghent, who cured the scalded arm of a cook in the same way. The aloe in question is the *Socotrine*—that is, a native of Socotra, which, if desired, may be grown as an ornamental in-door plant, having a good leaf and flower. It is believed, however, that the aloe of the Cape of Good Hope would be equally efficacious.—We find in the *Bulletin* of the Natural History Society of Lausanne, a notice of a single plant of rye, self-sown in a vineyard near Villeneuve, which produced two thousand two hundred and forty-eight

grains.—And we may call attention here to the prize offered through the Society of Arts for the best paper on sea-weeds: competitors are required to discuss the subject of marine algae, with regard to their utility as food and medicine, and for industrial purposes. We can tell them of a use to which one of the weeds—that known as *alva marina*—has been applied at Brest—namely, as wads for small-arms and cannon. The weed is washed and dried to prevent the absorption of damp, and it has the advantage of being elastic and incombustible.

We hear from Manchester that Mr. Schunck, while seeking indigo blue in buckwheat, discovered something else—that is, a primrose yellow coloring matter in considerable quantity. It appears to be identical with *Rutine*, the yellow coloring matter found in rue, in capers, and in holly—the latter known to chemists as *Ilizanthine*. It is in the leaves that the yellow is met with; hence, while the seed of buckwheat is useful for food, the remainder of the plant will now become available for dyers.—Dr. Angus Smith, investigating the coloring matters derivable from coal, shows that the rosolic acid which dyes silk or cotton a brilliant rose-color, and from which great hopes were entertained by the manufacturers, is so liable to decomposition by the carbonic acid of the atmosphere, that it loses all its brilliance, and becomes of a dirty resin brown.—Examining into the causes that deteriorate the air of towns, Dr. Smith concludes that the impossibility of detecting ozone in the atmosphere of Manchester is a sufficient proof that the air undergoes an alteration prejudicial to health.

An attempt, described as successful, has been made by M. Donny to burn the coarse oily products obtained from coal; and he accomplishes the object by a lamp of peculiar construction, in which the oil is vaporized at the critical moment, and so neatly fed with oxygen, that combustion takes place without smoke. M. Donny does not recommend his lamp for dwelling-houses, but for factories, railway-stations, and public places, in which, as is said, it would give a better light than gas, at half the cost.

The manufacture of artificial ivory from scraps and saw-dust of real ivory and crushed bones may now be numbered among those gratifying instances of waste things turned to profit, characteristic of modern science. The

material is reduced to a paste, and treated with gums and alcoholic solutions, when necessary; in some cases, white-lead is added, and thus a fine, bright, artificial ivory is produced, suitable for tablets, panels, carvings, piano-forte keys, billiard balls, and many other purposes.

An opportunity of seeing with our own eyes a number of star-fishes preserved in glycerine enables us to verify all that has been said concerning the value and importance of that remarkable fluid to naturalists. In alcohol, as many a collector knows to his sorrow, the colors of the specimens fade or alter; but glycerine preserves them as in life, and with all the parts flexible. One of the specimens above referred to was the *Luidia fragilissima*, so easy of fracture that a perfect example took rank of necessity with rarities; but in the glycerine it is entire as in its native element. We may add, that if star-fishes or thin objects are preserved in circular glass boxes, made after the manner of a snuff-box, they can then be seen and examined on both sides.

A paper by Mr. T. Sterry Hunt, of the geological commission of Canada, read to the Geological Society, deserves notice on account of the light it throws "On some Points in Chemical Geology." The author shows that plutonic rocks, so called, may have originated by metamorphism and the displacement of sediments, without calling in aid the ejections of a central fire.—The last sheet of the geological map of the Netherlands, published by the government at the Hague, contains a noteworthy addition; the large area once covered by the Haarlem Lake; farms, well-tilled fields and gardens, where but a few years ago there rolled miles of water.—The Swiss government has published a map in twenty-five sheets of the confederated cantons; concerning which Professor Studer remarked at a scientific meeting, that while politicians are using it for their purposes, savans must bestir themselves until the whole surface shall be covered with the conventional colors which depict the botany and geology of the country. It is regarded as a triumph by geologists that the strata brought to light by the tunnel now boring through the Jura, agree exactly with the theoretic plan prepared a few years since.—The minister of Public Works at Paris has organized a new survey of France, establishing the levels in all

the departments, whereby water-courses may be regulated, drainage-works improved, and inland navigation facilitated. The surveying staff of the army has been called on to furnish copies of all the ground in relief.

Among isthmian projects, the cutting through of the Malayan peninsula is talked of: if accomplished, it would save nearly two thousand miles in the voyage from Calcutta to China. — The Austrian frigate *Novara*, touching at Ceylon on her voyage round the world, sent thirty-two boxes to the museum at Vienna, containing the specimens already collected in zoölogy, botany, and mineralogy. — The voyage of circumnavigation made in 1851-53 by the Swedish frigate *Eugénie*, is now in course of publication by the Academy of Sciences at Stockholm, at the cost of the Swedish government, and ere long the scientific observations and the narrative will be available in handsome quarto volumes. — Cap-

tain Pullen, who with the *Cyclops* has been sounding the Red Sea, in preparation for a telegraph cable, is now to survey the coast of Arabia, for the shore-route. — News from Eastern Africa reports that Captains Burton and Speke, after penetrating the interior to the great lake Ugiji, and visiting an important dépôt of Arab trade, were on their way back to Zanzibar. We may hope to get the particulars in a few weeks from the Geographical Society. — New York is about to commemorate Dr. Kane, the adventurous arctic explorer, by a public monument; and Barbadoes has held an Industrial Exhibition, which was pronounced "very successful." If the island would get up an exhibition of Industrious Planters, and show that honor as well as profit is to be got by wise co-operation with lavish nature in the cultivation of the soil, we should hear no more weak complaints of distress in the West Indies.

A LIBEL AGAINST REV. JONATHAN EDWARDS.—For the original of the following rather amusing legal document we are indebted to Mr. Edward Warner, who is connected with the office of the Secretary of the Commonwealth:

Hampshire, ss. Att his Majesty's Court of General Sessions of the Peace Holden at Northampton by adjournment within and for the County of Hampshire on the Third Tuesday of January Anno Dom 1735-6, Being the ninth year of the Reign of our Sovereign Lord George the Second by the Grace of God of Great Britain France and Ireland King Defender of the faith &c.

The Grand Jurors of our said Lord the King within and for the Body of the County of Hampshire, Do on their Oath Present that Barnard Bartlet, some time since, of Sinsberry in the County of Hartford & Coleony of Connecticut, Since Resident in Northampton aforesaid, Husbandman, Did on or about the Sixth Day of December Last Past in Northampton aforesaid Wittingly & Willingly make & publish a Libel Tending to the Defamation of the Rev'd Mr. Jonth. Edwards of said Northampton, Clerk, by saying that the said Mr. Edwards was as Great an instrument as the Devil had on this side Hell to bring souls to Hell; which said

speech of said Bartlet is Contrary to Law, the Peace of our Said Lord the King &c.

Witnesses PRESERVED CLAPP, Foreman
DAN'L WEBB
EBEN' R FERRY

"THE same [St. John the Baptist] came for a witness to bear witness of the Light, that all men through him might believe. He was not that Light, but was sent to bear witness of that Light. That was the true light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world." — *St. John the Evangelist.*

Ardens fide, verbo lucens,
Et ad veram lucem ducens,
Multa docet millia.
Non lux iste sed lucerna;
Christus vero lux eterna
Lux illustrans omnia

—*Adam de St. Victor.*

With ardent faith and words that shine
Unto the light of Truth Divine
He leadeth many a mind.
Not he the Light, though burning bright;
Christ is the true Eternal Light
That lighteth all mankind.

—*National Intelligencer.*

W

A WARNING.

PLACE your hands in mine, dear,
With their rose-leaf touch :
If you heed my warning,
It will spare you much.

Ah ! with just such smiling,
Unbelieving eyes,
Years ago I heard it :
You shall be more wise.

You have one great treasure,
Joy for all your life ;
Do not let it perish
In one reckless strife.

Do not venture all, child,
In one frail, weak heart ;
So, through any shipwreck,
You may save a part.

Where your soul is tempted
Most to trust your fate,
There with double caution
Linger, fear, and wait.

Measure all you give—still
Counting what you take ;
Love for love : so placing
Each an equal stake.

Treasure love ; though ready
Still to live without.
In your fondest trust, keep
Just one thread of doubt.

Build on no to-morrow ;
Love has but to-day ;
If the links seem slackening,
Cut the bond away.

Trust no prayer nor promise ;
Words are grains of sand :
Keep your heart unbroken,
Safely in your hand.

That your love may finish
Calm as it begun,
Learn this lesson better,
Dear, than I have done.

Years hence, perhaps, this warning
You shall give again,
In just the self-same words, dear,
And—just as much in vain.

—Household Words.

THE ARCTIC OCEAN.

A WEIRD and awful sea, its surges roll
In solitude, and unexplored expand
From age to age around the Arctic pole,
And beat with hollow roar a frozen land,
Whose adamantine crags behold no sail
Reel on that howling ocean to the northern gale.

No ancient capitals its shores adorn,
With domes and pinnacles glancing royal
gold ;

But on its wonderful, untrodden bourne
Rise battlements of ice, whose turrets, old
As the creation's dawn, forever gleam
Like orient pearl beneath the North's auroral
beam.

No treasures delved by slaves in cavern gloom
Lie buried underneath its hoary wave ;
Its wildest tempests never knelled the doom
Of wretches sinking to a watery grave.
Resounds not there the combat's baleful trumpet,
Nor battle smoke enshrouds its midnight's starry
pomp.

The same as when the choral stars sang forth
Their jubilee throughout th' eternal arc,
Still heaves the desolate ocean of the North ;
Still o'er its waters broods primeval dark,
Mysterious twilight throbbing with the chime
Of constellations ringing out the march of Time.

Perchance the hero of the British isle,
Much-wept, much sought for, slumbers on
that coast,
His faithful comrades by his side ; the while
For noble hearts that perished at their post
The dreary winds sweep o'er the angry surge,
And with a melancholy music chant their dirge.

Aye, what a sepulchre for hero's head !
The stars, undying links, light up his tomb,
Majestic bergs, like angels, watch the dead,
And ever upwards through the polar gloom
Most solemn and sublime the wild wind rolls
The grand cathedral hymn for the departed
souls.

S. G. W. B.

—Independent.

CONSIDER THE LILIES, HOW THEY
GROW.

THE lilies fair are found
On shadowed ground,
The shady haunts of sunny clime,
And breathe the balm of summer time :
Refreshed by morning dew, and veiled from
noon tide glow,
They taste the softest light and air, and this is
how they grow.

Updrawn from verdant sod
By look from God,
These holy, happy flowers pervade
The sloping lawn, the forest glade :
And charmed by zephyr's wing, and lulled by
streamlet's flow,
They calmly muse, they brightly dream, and
this is how they grow.

They bloom in sheltered nook,
By curling brook ;
And Earth how firmly, fondly loves
These treasures of her streams and groves :
The dark mould cherishes their petals white like
snow,

With heaven-apportioned nutriment, and this is
how they grow.

I have considered them,
The flexile stem,
The blossoms pending airily
Beneath their leafy canopy,
Their witching fragrance, spotless hue, and thus
I feel and know
That God imparts their loveliness, and this is
how they grow.

—Dublin University Magazine.

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Richard Pakenham

THE LIVING AGE



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